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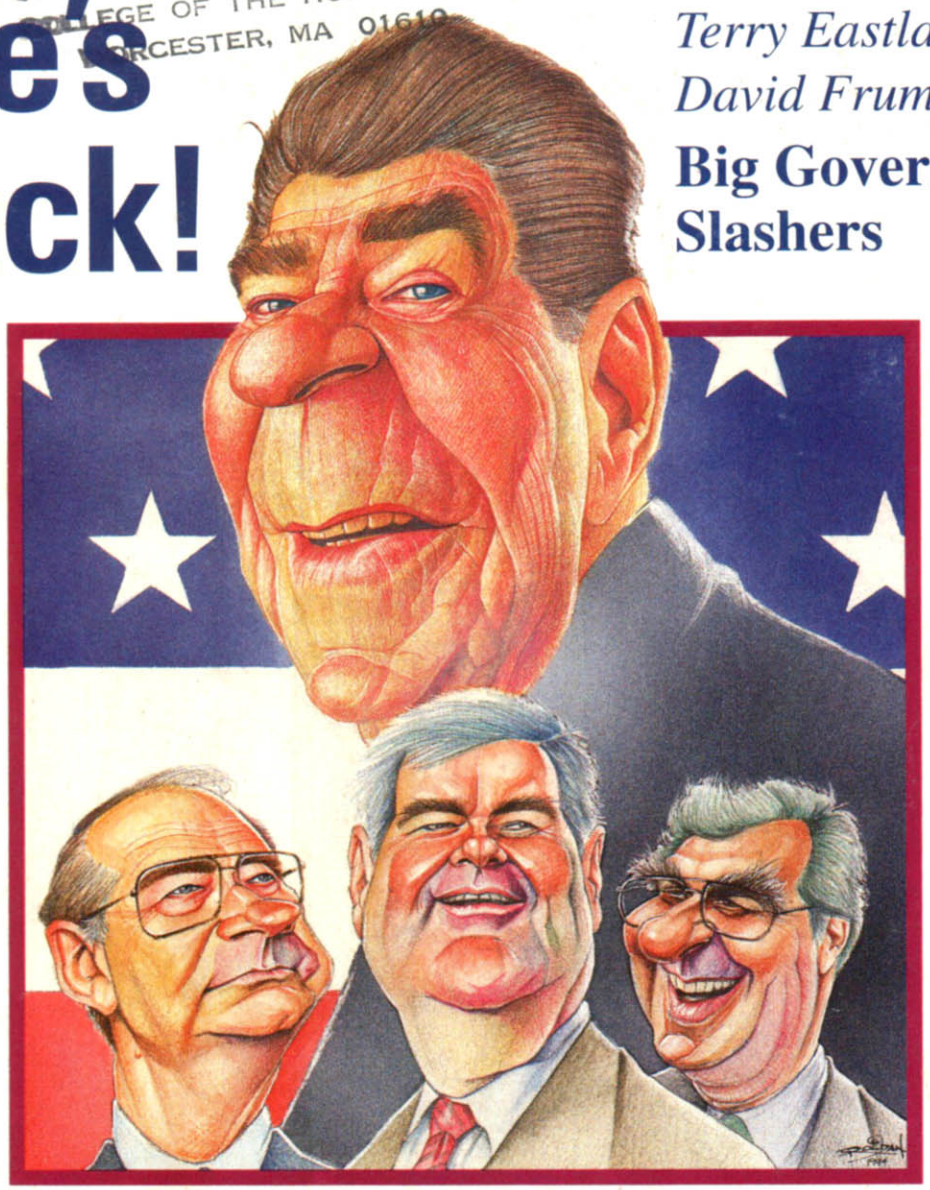

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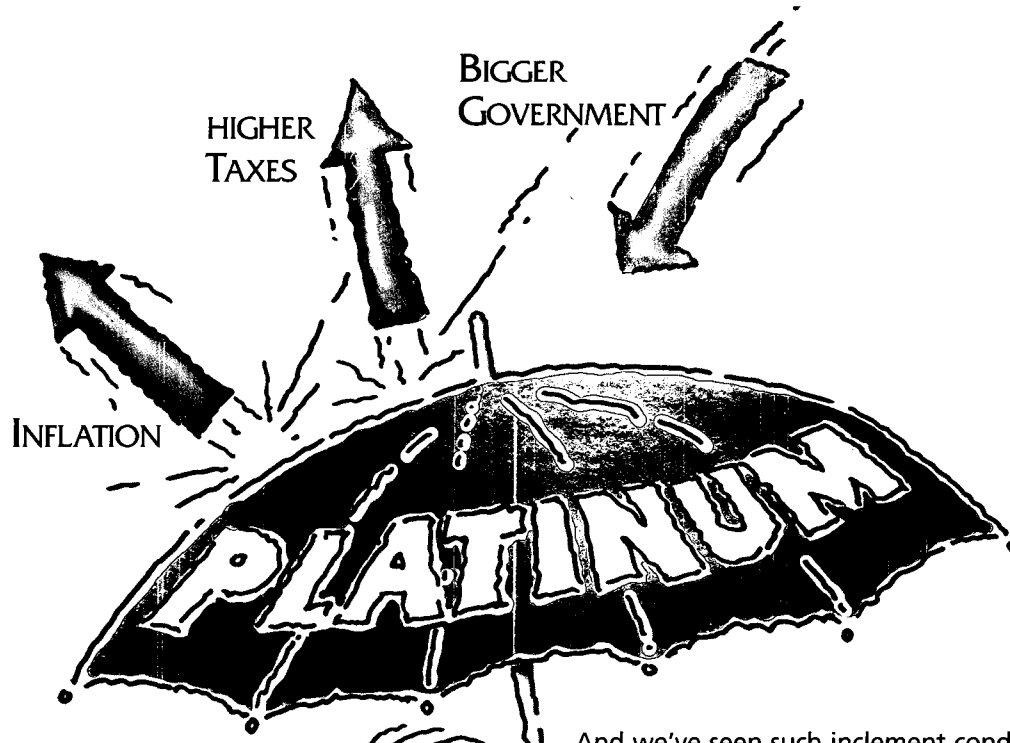

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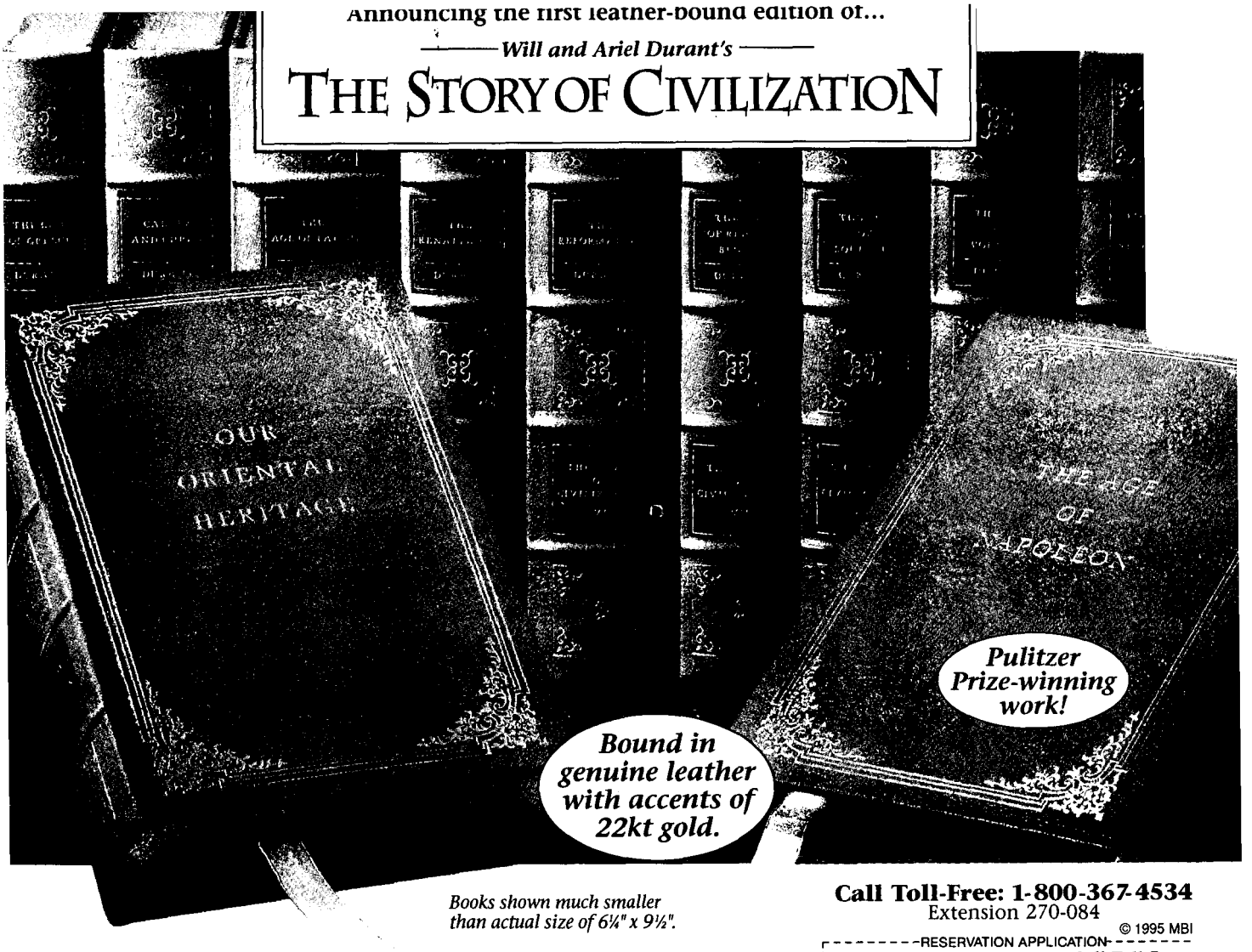
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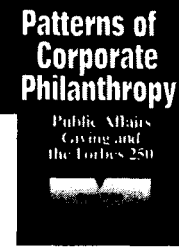

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

AS THE *Chicago Tribune* reported last September 25, there was one Washington politician who "always treated Clinton with respect." So when the president dropped by to raise a toast at a banquet honoring the politico, who was retiring after 38 years in Congress, the retiree was genuinely moved. "He didn't have to come," he said about Clinton. "He is indeed a gracious man." Longtime friends and admirers like Robert Strauss, George Mitchell, Dan Rostenkowski, and Tom Foley joined Clinton in spewing tributes to him. Then came the unpleasantness of last November 8, and the old-timer knew how to return the favor. In an interview published on November 25, he warned Republicans that "absolute power corrupts absolutely." He criticized the Contract With America, and bemoaned last year's "nationalized campaign of antagonism" toward government and the "one whale of a negative campaign [waged] against the President." He was particularly alarmed by conservative talk radio, which evidently he had never encountered before tuning in while driving back to his Midwestern district last fall. "Listen to those people's venom," he exclaimed to his wife somewhere along Interstate 74. And if he had any regrets, as the *New York Times* put it, it's "that he had helped drive the country into debt by pushing Reagan Administration budgets through Congress." The Democrats will miss a man as instinctively loyal and decent as this, what with all the recriminations and repositionings now issuing from within their shriveled ranks. Too bad for all concerned that the guy in question was a Republican, the long-time minority leader Bob Michel.

AS THE 104th Congress begins its work, the new Republicans will be too busy to miss Michel, let alone scorn him as a pathetic symbol of old-style GOP servility and irrelevance. His view of Republican rectitude has gone the way of Democratic entitlement and entitlements. The only question that matters is: Can the new Republican majority do the expected?

IN AN EARLIER era, Terry Eastland would have been a contributor to *The Federalist*. Fortunately, he's alive as the Reagan Revolution enters its second phase, to offer guidance steeped in Madisonian wisdom and sharpened by Hamiltonian insight. And he knows that, this time around, failure will be inexcusable (see page 22). David Frum, whose book *Dead Right* put the GOP on notice months *before* the election, moves literally toward the cutting edge (page 82), and Tom Bethell visits with Dick Armey, the unsung hero of the Gingrich takeover (page 18). The worst losers of 1994 are the old media, and John Corry examines their spiteful reactions to Speaker-Elect Newt (page 50). In bad news for Bob Dole, Grover Norquist welcomes Trent Lott into the GOP's congressional leadership (page 57), and Jeremy Rabkin (page 46) goes against the current to support the *idea* of a school prayer amendment. For anyone still hooked on Democrats, there's James Ring Adams's portrait of Empress Pamela Harriman (page 26). While her fundraising helped keep Democrats in power well past their prime, her spending habits have left her practically broke and under legal fire. *Sic transit* . . .

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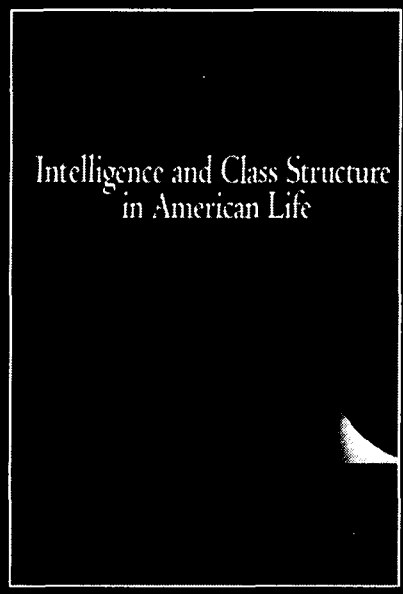

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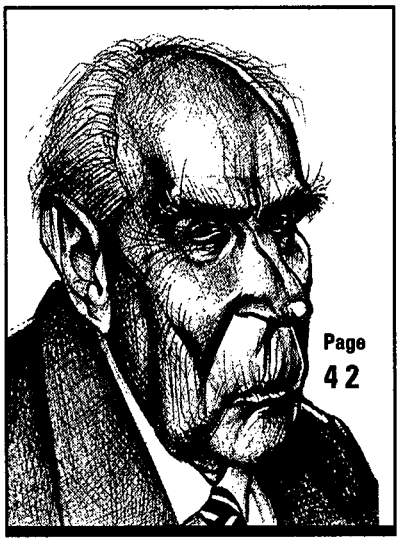

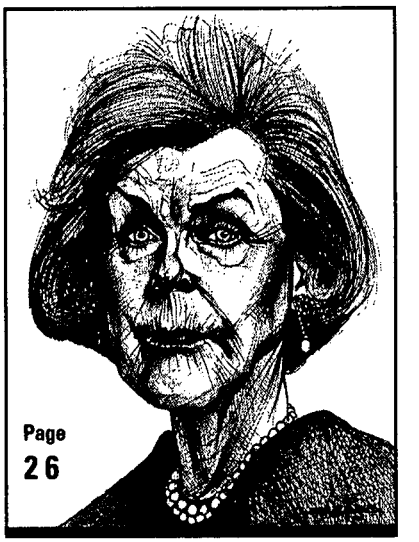

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• As December expires, and a woebegone Bill Clinton gamely jogs on, "Hail to the Chief" resounding ever more faintly between his ears and behind his glassy eyes, surely Mr. Leon Panetta, the gifted and erudite White House chief of staff, could pass on to him the wise observation of that long-deceased playwright, Mr. Ludwig Fulda, to wit: "You remain a king—even in your underwear."

• Despite his humble origins, we know that our 42nd president does indeed wear underwear. He once told an inquiring mind on MTV that he wears "usually briefs." What is more, in the August 1993 edition of this literary gazette, our own Ms. Lisa Schiffren chronicled that when the lovely Mrs. Hillary Clinton lived back in Jerkwater, she took a $1 tax deduction on each pair she donated to Goodwill. Admittedly there have probably been times when this big lovable lug of a president did not wear underwear. Maybe down there in Hope, during his Log Cabin Years, he only wore a loincloth. Possibly whilst at Oxford during his Red Brigade Years he swore off both briefs and boxers in protest of, say, CIA recruiting on campus or the treatment of lettuce pickers in the San Jakarta Valley—if there is a San Jakarta Valley. But surely now he wears fine, high-grade underwear, washed daily, possibly even starched and emblazoned with the presidential seal. So, Mr. President, as your popularity sinks and fellow Democrats dream of removing you from the 1996 ticket, remember that even in your underwear you are a president. The next time you address the American people from the Oval Office, as you did so lamely on December 15, pretending that your first two years of pratfalls and buffoonery were merely part of a presidential training period ordained by the Constitution and prefatory to the Great Days Ahead, why not appear in your underwear?

• I am sure Dr. Joycelyn Elders could devise a morally superior explanation for why it is the progressive and enlightened thing for all presidents to stride into the Oval Office in their underwear, wearing wing-tip shoes, of course, and dark socks, possibly held up by garters. Once seated, the president might pause to allow his fellow Americans to take in the latest breakthrough: a president with the guts to be different, a president reaching out to those who do not wear ties, a president at his desk in his undershirt—tank top or with sleeves. After the first few revolutionary minutes he could say anything. He could say, as he did on December 15, that he is putting the country first and "politics-as-usual dead last." He could say "My Fellow Americans, underwear is fun-da-wear." Dr. Elders would duly support him but, alas, he has not supported her. On December 9 he fired this amazing woman, after she in her semi-literate way endorsed adding the timely topic of masturbation to the nation's sex-education classes. The blow fell three days after the president's close friend and ethics adviser Mr. Webster Hubbell pled guilty to two felonies; whereupon he commenced to sing to the independent counsel, Mr. Kenneth Starr.

• Pop singer and dissipate Mr. David Crosby, referred to by the Associated Press as "venerable," underwent a transplant after his original liver was discovered to be "as hard as a stone." Those are the lapidary words of Dr. Ronald W. Busuttil, the surgeon who performed this always-uncomfortable operation on Mr. Crosby. During a routine medical examination, doctors discovered that Mr. Crosby's liver had become almost useless, serving nothing more than perhaps a cosmetic purpose after his years of alcohol abuse and addictions to such unwholesome medications as heroin and cocaine. The liver transplanted into Mr. Crosby came from an anonymous donor who had been declared brain dead after an automobile accident. It is still not clear why Dr. Busuttil did not also transplant the donor's brain, which surely would have raised Mr. Crosby's intelligence quotient and made him a more interesting conversationalist. In San Anselmo, California, a 34-year-old woman entered a "New Age" store, laid hands on a baseball bat, and let the store have it, leaving some witnesses convinced that local police had better review their patrolman's training program. After Miss Nadia Gillett was subdued by a passing martial-arts instructor, the first policeman on the scene, officer Mark McDonald, testified that "she didn't look like what you'd think a bat-wielding person would look like."

• In London, Mr. Harry Landlin opened the back of his 69-year-old heirloom sofa to discover, *voilà,* an astonishingly well-preserved 69-year-old cheese sandwich, teeth marks and all, plus two newspapers, dated 1925. Why Mr. Landlin was dissecting his own sofa remains subject to feverish speculation among sofa-loving Londoners. He obviously was not hungry, for he handed the sandwich over to authorities. Practical jokesters working for one of the wire services planted a report on the wires that the "Democratic party" won elections in "Turkmenistan." According to the story, originating in "Ashgabat," Turkmenistan, traders in a carpet bazaar along the "KaraKum" canal vowed to "pack up early to vote." Ashgabat, indeed. And we thought leg-pulling like this only came out of the Washington bureau of the *Wall Street Journal*, orchestrated by such colossal farceurs as Mr. Al Hunt (deceased) and Mayer & Abramson, Inc., authors of the year's cleverest literary hoax, *Strange Justice*. In Sellersville, Pennsylvania, Miss Rosalie Bradford, once a well-upholstered 1,050-pounder but now a svelte 300 pounds, is suing the authoritative *Enquirer-Star* for having compared her to a baby whale and a small car. She contends that she is neither.

• In Brussels, Belgium, Mr. Alfred David plans to go all the way. After years of wearing a black-and-white hooded penguin suit and acting to the best of his ability like an Emperor penguin *(Aptenodytes patagonica),* he is changing his surname to Monsieur Pingouin. Mrs. David will not be joining him in the historic transformation. She has thrown him out of the house, along with 2,750 pieces of penguin memorabilia he managed to collect during the three decades he has been identifying with penguins. His fascination began back in the

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1960s. "I was digging roads," he recalls. "I came across a rock which looked like a penguin and I decided that this was fate." In Homosassa Springs, Florida, Mr. David Lee McCumsey, Jr., 18, was charged with two counts of grand theft and one count of petty theft. Apparently while applying for a job at a local hardware store, he became confused as to his life's work and fled the store with a couple of handguns and a watch. Unfortunately he left his job application and the cops apprehended him in no time, though they still have not recovered the stolen goods, for the mercurial Mr. McCumsey while making his getaway became frightened and threw them out of the window of his car.

• Mr. Tore Hagebakken, mayor of Gjovik, Norway, upon noticing that his rental car had disappeared, reported the theft to police on his portable telephone. Unfortunately it was the police who had removed the car, suspecting that it had been parked by a drunk. They returned the car, gave His Honor a breathalyzer test, and booked him. A legendary figure in the Men's Liberation Movement has been sent up the river for freeing up the river. On December 5, Mr. James R. Scott, 24, of Fowler, Illinois, was convicted of sabotaging a levee during the 1993 Midwestern floods in the hope that the damage would be sufficient to flood the Missouri-Illinois border and prevent his wife from returning home from work and interrupting his party schedule in hellish Fowler. The ensuing flood unfortunately got out of hand, inundating 14,000 acres of farmland and destroying scores of buildings. Mr. Scott did delay his wife's arrival; for 71 days the only bridge linking Missouri and Illinois for 100 miles was closed. He will be serving a life term until Mr. William Kunstler can spring him or President Clinton commutes his sentence.

• The animal rights movement found itself on a collision course with feminists when it was reported in Britain that as many as 75,000 female horses are being deprived of their urine under "appalling" conditions so that the disgusting fluids might be gathered up and used for the production of Premarin and Prempak-C drugs, essential to hormone replacement therapy for British women on hard times. Relatives of the late Mr. Michael Turner may be suing police in Kansas City, Missouri—and an unnamed soap company—for a handsome sum. Early in the month Mr. Turner, a convicted bank robber, escaped from the federal courthouse using a fake gun carved from a bar of soap. When the police opened fire, Mr. Turner's gun failed to fire. The Association of Trial Lawyers of America is on its way.

• On December 20, the fourth assault on the White House in four months took place. Mr. Marcelino Corniel, a 33-year-old urban nomad, attacked the White House with a knife before being fired upon by U.S. Park Police. Three days earlier the White House came under pistol fire from unknown forces. In October, Mr. Francisco Martin Duran opened fire, and in September Mr. Frank Eugene Corder made an aerial assault. Obviously it is time for the White House to begin negotiations. Perhaps the Clintons ought to move out into the country. Yet where is the administration's leading peacekeeper, the Hon. Jimmy Carter? Dressed casually and sipping fruit juice, the anile ex-president spent late December in Bosnia being befooled by the Bosnian Serbs. Possibly next month he will be in "Turkmenistan." The Crisis positively glows! —*RET*

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Direct-Mail Deviltry

I must object strongly to the article by Christopher M. Byron ("Direct-Mail Deviltry," *TAS*, November 1994). The article unfairly attacks conservative fundraising in general, but also singles out my agency and several of my clients for particular abuse. I'm frankly puzzled by his sources.

First, the article cites approvingly Senator David Pryor's denunciation of seniors organizations that opposed the Clinton health-care plan. The author should certainly know that Pryor's attacks are simply partisan political attempts to silence the opposition to his fellow Arkansan's grandiose schemes. I find it disturbing that your magazine would grant such credibility to the claims of one of the most liberal members of the Senate when it comes to his statements about conservative organizations.

Second, Denison Hatch's statement, "At least 30 percent of the companies in [direct-mail fundraising] are out-and-out frauds," is undocumented. If this is true, why not name them and do us all a service? In any case, I'd like to know how my company becomes lumped in with the frauds. We've toiled in the conservative vineyard for over seventeen years, and we are proud of our professional record of success with clients like the Heritage Foundation, Empower America, Statue of Liberty–Ellis Island Foundation, and many Republican candidates and organizations.

Your readers deserve to know the most important reason why the article's credibility is in question. Philip M. Alexander, who is quoted in the article, was clearly the reporter's chief source of so-called "inside information" about my company and clients. Mr. Alexander is a disgruntled ex-employee. He worked for me for some thirteen years, the last three as a partner. Then, after a hostile attempt on his part to divide and potentially bankrupt our advertising agency, I bought out his partnership and fired him. This fact should have been known by the author and disclosed to the reader before quoting him, if at all. It seems to me any and all information and comments given to the author by Mr. Alexander about our agency or clients is biased and therefore worthless.

There are also factual errors in the article. For example, the author writes that "one way or another," SW&A absorbed 80 percent of the $11 million raised for the Seniors Coalition in 1993. What does "absorbed" mean? I sure wish our agency had billed the Seniors Coalition $8.8 million. I would have retired to Florida. But the fact is our agency billed 6 percent of that figure—for creating, managing, and producing a total of almost 20 million letters. Our agency fees are traditional and competitive. FYI, the $8.8 million cost of this massive fundraising and public information campaign included such necessary items as postage, printing, computer services, etc. Since contracts between nonprofits and their agencies are a matter of public record, registered as they are with forty states, any cub reporter could have found this fact out. No, we did not "absorb" $8.8 million.

One final point. Was I contacted about the story? No. After the article appeared in print, a new SW&A account assistant told me she received a call from a writer at *6:30 p.m.* asking questions about which she knew nothing. She told the person to call back during regular business hours. I was never called, much less interviewed.

Why the hype? Why the innuendo? I suspect you have been duped. Under the guise of some sort of "exposé" of conservative mailing practices, I believe the article is nothing more than a vehicle through which an ex-employee carried out a personal vendetta. Readers of *The American Spectator* deserve better.

—Stephen H. Winchell, President
Stephen Winchell & Associates, Inc.
Arlington, Virginia

I want to thank you for "Direct-Mail Deviltry." I have had my share of that garbage. I have given to some groups, but my table is covered with this material again within a week. Many days, I get three copies of the same letter on the same day.

Your article will help me direct more of it to file nineteen.

—Clarence Mercer
LaGrange, Wyoming

I'm not a subscriber to *The American Spectator* although I frequently read it. After reading your November issue, I know why I'm not nor ever will be a subscriber.

I've known Steve Winchell for more than ten years. He is truly (as my great-grandmother used to say) one of nature's gentlemen. His integrity is above reproach. And he *is* a truly caring person. When a local charity (Christmas in April) decided to go national, Steve personally lent his money to get it started. Christmas in April–U.S.A. has started programs in 43 states and 380 cities, and every year rehabilitates more than 4,000 homes owned by the poor, elderly, and handicapped. This would not have been possible without Steve.

Shame on you.

—Judith A. Cass
Chevy Chase, Maryland

. . . I am replying to Christopher M. Byron's article wearing two hats: one, that of a donor, and the other, that of a vice president of Stephen Winchell & Associates, the agency most maligned in the article.

Yes, I'm a donor, despite my insider's knowledge of direct mail. I give to organizations because I like to show my support for causes I believe in. And it's fine with me if one organization rents my name to another organization; it's a way for me to find out what else might be worthwhile. Or I can use the solicitation for kindling; it's my choice. My donations to the National Yiddish Book Center have led to a deluge of mail from the American Jewish Congress, organizations to help Ethiopian Jews in Israel and blind Jewish children, the *Jerusalem Post*, and many more. My subscription to *Reason* magazine has brought me requests from a slew of interesting libertarian organizations I never knew existed. Why is this a problem?

Or is the author saying that there is a special subset of the direct-mail business that is sleazy? How's this for sleaze? He cites Jesse Helms's fundraisers for possible IRS violations, then segues, in the same paragraph, into the news that the National Republican Congressional Committee dropped its relationship with

(continued on page 12)

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Stephen Winchell this year. IRS violations? No. Any suspicion of illegalities? No. A client changes agencies. Golly.

Similarly, he cites the Oliver North fundraising effort as an example of the dubious value of direct mail to conservative causes. North raised "close to $14 million." "Folks rise to the bait," he says. Does this mean that they are being tricked? I somehow thought North's enemies were peeved because he had so much money from his national direct mail to spend on his campaign. It would seem these folks *want* to give to North; that's why they send their $25 or $100. What's the problem?

Or is the problem that Richard Viguerie can use the names North has acquired? Well, joint ownership of names is a concept that has come and just about gone. It began as a way for startup organizations to compensate their agencies when they didn't have a lot of cash. It's not too common now, but even if it were, so what, as long as both parties agree that the list forms part of the compensation? And what's wrong with Viguerie using the names to "raise money for yet more bootstrap candidacies such as North's"? Don't we want more non-professional politicians?

And whether Viguerie shared ownership or not, North would be renting his names out like mad after the election. Many of the people who received the new mailings would be interested to hear about allied causes, and would willingly donate money. Or they would throw the solicitations away. It's their choice. . . .

—Judith Kaplan Warner
Rohrersville, Maryland

I want to thank Christopher M. Byron for his excellent article. As a conservative small businessman, I have done my share of support for various conservative causes and candidates. However after reading this article, my support will be doled out much more judicially. Nary a week goes by that I do not receive *at least* 10-15 requests to support this candidate, or that cause, or the latest issue. Most often, the request is at the end of a survey to be filled out; or it has a check for a dollar that you can cash for reading the material enclosed (which is then politely asked for back); or the latest—2 pennies included to give you the fundraiser's "two cents" worth. Personally, I find many of these gimmicks an insult to my intelligence, and a total turnoff. While I understand that there is significant pressure to try to raise money (especially for conservatives fighting incumbent entrenched liberal candidates with huge warchests), I find this constant postal assault and moronic techniques offensive and bothersome.

What especially disturbed me in this article were the costs associated with fundraising itself. While I was aware that many fundraising activities do nothing but to feed the business of fundraising itself, I was not aware that political fundraising (especially conservative ones) had a comparatively poor record rivaling some of the worst of fundraising operations. For 60-80 percent of collected money to be used for the cost of collection alone is ludicrous, and reminds me of the "outstanding" efficiency of governmental bureaucracies that conservatism is supposed to be against. . . .

—Jerald A. Berman
Florida, New York

Christopher M. Byron's article tells us more about the journalistic ethics of Mr. Byron than it does about the ethics of direct-mail marketing consultants. Let me examine Byron's innuendoes about the American Council for Health Care Reform.

1. Byron writes: "According to the mailing's letterhead, it [the Council] was established in 1983. But a search of news archives reveals no mention of the organization prior to 1993." . . . Attached to this letter is a certificate of incorporation for the American Council for Health Care Reform issued by the Virginia Corporation Commission more than eleven years ago on May 26, 1983. All any reporter would have had to do is call the state capital in Richmond to verify the corporate records.

2. Byron states that an ACHCR mailing dealing with five years in jail if you buy extra care in the Clinton bill was an exaggeration of what the bill "actually" proposed. It's clear Byron doesn't know what the bill "actually" proposed since he never talked to us about our interpretation of Section 5434 of the act and clearly doesn't understand the effect of that provision on individuals. It's true that at the time of the mailing the bill called for five years in jail and that was later reduced to two years. But Section 5434 stood and we stand by our analysis of how that section would have affected patients who wanted to purchase care from a non-alliance doctor. . . .

3. Byron not only implies but states that my company is making money from ACHCR. He writes "How does a group like the ACHCR benefit? Basically, it doesn't. It's the for-profit marketing company that lurks [sic] in the background that makes the money—from fees collected on each mailing the marketing company puts out."

Some direct-mail companies may charge an organization a flat creative fee plus a royalty or mail fee on each package mailed, and a fee for production coordination. Although these are legitimate charges, neither my company nor I charge the American Council for Health Care Reform any of these fees.

4. Byron writes: "Generating one's own list is lucrative, but this is not to ignore the *service fees* from the mailing itself. Consider the American Council for Health Care Reform." *American Spectator* editors go out of their way to put *service fees* in italics. Here are the facts. The ACHCR membership list is owned exclusively by ACHCR. I would not allow anything else. Although some marketing companies may have a "joint ownership" in an organization's membership list and thus earn revenue from rental of the list, this is not the case with ACHCR. The ACHCR list is not on the rental market. However, if ACHCR should decide to rent its membership list, list-rental income would enure exclusively to the benefit of ACHCR.

Because of my knowledge of print production, ACHCR always gets the best price for printing, often paying half of what other organizations might pay for a similar printed piece. I resent Byron's innuendoes, and I resent the necessity of taking time from useful activities to answer these scurrilous and uninformed personal attacks. I wonder how many of Mr. Byron's days, evenings, and weekends are donated to the public interest? Most of mine are. Rather than making money, ACHCR has cost us tons of money. I donate my talents and time to ACHCR because this is a cause I believe in! My pay is the knowledge that I have contributed in some way to the preservation of freedom. . . .

—William H. Shaker
Volunteer President
American Council for Health Care Reform
Arlington, Virginia

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Post-Liberation

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Ardent environmentalist that I am, allow me to report that the nation's grim *Kultursmog* remains devoid of any currents of fresh air whatsoever. No whiff of November 8th's Day of Liberation has penetrated the politicized atmospheres in which America's chattering classes dwell. These pitiable dopefetchers continue to poison their minds with the enthusiasms and bugaboos of their fellow infantile leftists or progressivists, or whatever term of self-glorification they apply to themselves. To find out what is going on in American society one has to flee to the *New York Post,* the *Washington Times,* the *Orange County Register,* the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal,* perhaps a score of smaller newspapers, *National Review, The American Spectator,* and such radio controversialists as Rush Limbaugh, Gordon Liddy, and now Michael Reagan.

Even Howard Stern provides a clearer vision of what is happening in America than the editors and other co-conspirators who dominate the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post,* the major broadcasting networks, and the other polluters of that smokestack industry called mass communications. Yes, Howard uses language that would shock Grandma, but my guess is that he and Grandma vote alike. Moreover they probably share the same sense that big government is offensive, inefficient, expensive, and occasionally drunk and disorderly.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

Since Liberation Day, the liberals' dream candidate of 1992 is afire to demonstrate that he has received the voters' message loud and clear. He will use the words "middle" and "class" in every speech—and with feeling. On the Hill, relics of the Old Order such as Congressman Richard Gephardt—another of liberal fashion's eternal boys—are going to wrap themselves in the Constitution and defend "traditional American values." Their point, implicit and explicit, is that aliens have landed upon Washington. Here is another aged pollutant from the *Kultursmog,* the idea that Republicans are foreign to democratic government, extremists, Nazi-like. "Hitler would have loved these people," the Hon. Gephardt mused while assessing the presidential campaign of George Bush in the hellish year of 1988.

Pauline Kael, the New York movie critic who gained vast admiration writing for the *New Yorker,* itself an exquisite exhaust pipe into the *Kultursmog,* exclaimed after Richard Nixon's 1972 rout of George McGovern that she did not know anyone who voted for Nixon. I assume she is as narrow today as she was then. Conceivably she knows no one who voted Republican in this last election. I heard her the other day pronouncing on the movies during one of National Public Radio's closed commentaries to fellow liberals, all paid for at taxpayers' expense. Her fine artistic sense remains, for which movie-goers can be grateful, but, of course, she also remains obsessed by the Vietnam war, and confirmed in the liberals' unshakable belief that America is some sort of coast-to-coast con game. The war has been over for two decades. Its outcome was almost the exact opposite of those who claimed the Communists would bring "peace and freedom." Yet liberals like Kael drone on.

In the 1980s, many did make one adjustment. They adopted the rhetoric of the rising conservative movement. They claimed to be equally tough-minded on foreign policy, to be for balanced budgets and efficiency in government. As the eighties wore on, they even proclaimed themselves—shockingly—the guardians of the country's traditional morality. Yet it was all pretty words drained of meaning. The liberals were positioning themselves on both sides of each issue. They were against government red ink but also against heartless budget cuts. They were furiously against Soviet Communism but against the military build-up. They were sagaciously skeptical of affirmative action but for "goals." Bill Clinton demonstrated just how meaningless the pretty words were. After haranguing the Bush administration's listless policy towards Haiti and Bosnia, Clinton did almost nothing for well over a year in Haiti and all he has done on Bosnia is bluster and strut. After promising middle-class tax cuts he raised taxes. Moreover, our *soi-disant* New Democrat cast a lecherous eye on 14 percent of the Gross National Product. His universal health insurance was to have been government's largest takeover of private property ever.

Today, the *Kultursmog* resounds with agitated reports of NEWT and his

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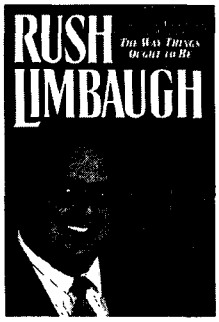

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plans. There are reports of Bill's responses to this Terror, and of Gephardt's equally irrelevant responses. Almost nowhere is the extent of the 1994 electoral rout reported. The origins and history of the Republicans' ideas are not mentioned. The fact is that the journalists of the *Kultursmog* know almost nothing about those ideas. What is more, when both houses of Congress went Republican and thousands of Capitol Hill jobs changed hands, the *Kultursmog* lost most of its contacts in government. Soon the journalists will all be at one with Pauline Kael, who, by the way, is in retirement. ❐

Hubbelled

Webster Hubbell, until recently number-three power in the Justice Department, might be the "most dangerous man in America." That is the appraisal of James Ring Adams, the financial journalist who has been covering Whitewatergate since the first drip. And, by the way, will the Clintons now persist in deriding it as a "side show"? And, by another way, is it not a bit brazen for Bill Clinton to continue to cast himself as a champion of people "who play by the rules"?

Adams has been reading every document he can lay his hands on and many that government investigators only recently obtained. This has not been easy. The Clintons have kept hiding them. When Vince Foster died, Mrs. Clinton's chief of staff, upon her orders, took some from Foster's office and locked them in the White House. Asked about her aide and the missing documents, Mrs. Clinton said, "I don't think that she did remove any documents." She said this almost a year after Foster's suicide, during her celebrated press conference last spring, where she also explained the Miracle of the Munificent Cattle Futures. Not until the following August did the White House acknowledge the purloining of the papers and Hillary's role.

Well, through all the lies and legerdemain Adams has been sedulously reading documents. Now that Hubbell has copped a plea, it is abundantly apparent that investigators have been reading, too. That Hubbell would admit to crimes that could send him up the river for years is ominous for the Clintons. A plea bargain is a compromise with prosecutors to avoid more serious charges. If Hubbell is willing to admit to two felonies, from what weightier sentences is he trying to save himself?

What songs might he now be singing to prosecutors? It is known that Hubbell was close to Bill Clinton. My agents tell me that he was even closer to Hillary, with whom he repeatedly worked on many shaky deals at the Rose Law Firm. Hubbell may be trying to avoid sentencing for deeds done back in his Arkansas heyday. But he may also be trying to avoid a felony plea on deeds done in Washington during Clinton's presidency. The most serious charge might be obstruction of justice.

There may have been two instances of this to which he was privy. One would be squelching the criminal referrals on Madison. We know that these referrals disappeared into the Justice Department's Criminal Fraud Division. Surely the independent counsel would like to know who in the Criminal Fraud Division did the squelching, what contact they had with Hubbell, and what their record in Criminal Justice has been. Another obstruction charge might arise from the treatment of David Hale. Hale is the Little Rock judge who in the fall of 1993 was under threat of indictment for making unethical loans with Small Business Administration monies. He also claims that Governor Clinton put the arm on him to make such a loan to the Clintons' business partner Susan McDougal.

My agents tell me that Robert B. Fiske at the time of his departure was also looking into Hubbell's contacts in the fall of 1993 with U.S. Attorney Paula Casey in Little Rock. What were Hubbell's contacts? Was he being encouraged by anyone in the White House? When Clinton came to office, all U.S. attorneys were summarily fired. Casey, a former law student of Clinton's, was brought in. Did Hubbell have a hand in these firings? Did he have a hand in attempting to silence or to discredit Hale? How many other politically sensitive cases might have been stifled?

If Hubbell talks he could be lethal. Adams believes that in the Justice Department a number of people were willing to be rolled on politically sensitive cases. Hubbell might be able to tell who the soft touches were. There might be other government lawyers and investigators who are culpable. As first reported by Adams in last October's *American Spectator*, one Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation lawyer approved all of Hubbell's bills, even those now found fraudulent. This was April Breslaw, who acknowledged a prior relation with Hubbell and who is, get this, the Washington official who flew to Kansas City to tell Jean Lewis of the Resolution Trust Corporation to leave the Clintons' Whitewater investment out of the Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan investigation. Jack Ryan, acting head of the RTC, protected Breslaw and disciplined Lewis. I await his confirmation hearings with relish.

Hubbell might also be able to shed light on some of Hillary's stupendous deals. He was managing partner at the Rose Firm when Hillary was representing the government in an Illinois suit against her friend and Bill Clinton's financial supporter Dan Lasater. The $3.3 million suit was settled for $200,000. Was there a conflict of interest here? Where else were there conflicts of interest, obstructions of justice, and general malfeasance?

The operative words in Hubbell's plea bargain agreement appear in point number sixteen: the defendant agrees "to cooperate by providing full, complete, accurate, and truthful information concerning matters under investigation by the office of the Independent Counsel." If Hubbell lives up to that agreement and the Independent Counsel asks the right range of questions, history is in the making. Bill Clinton promised a moral rebirth of the Republic if elected. That promise may be realized, but it is going to take a while. ❐

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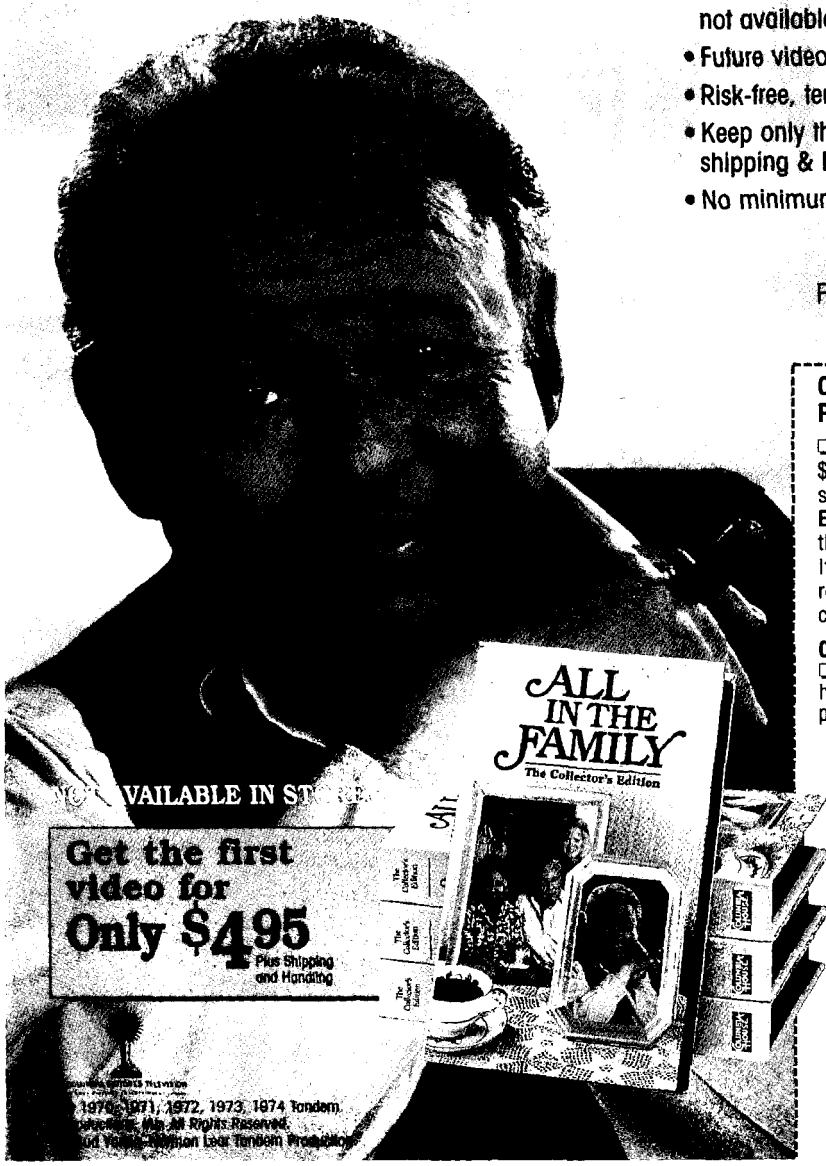

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Armey's Divisions

by Tom Bethell

Inside the Cannon Office Building, the old tenants had left but the newcomers had not yet arrived. The movers were evidently expected at any moment. Cardboard boxes marked "House of Representatives" were piled eight-feet high in hallways; upended desks and inverted chairs were jammed into corridors, canvas carts filled with old Federal Registers were ready to roll. Office doors were firmly shut, old nameplates still in place: Here, for example, was Michael Huffington's one-term abode. In the new House there will be eighty-six new congressmen. Half of the total membership will have been elected since 1990.

In a vast caucus room on the third floor, the D.C. government's Department of Employment Services was advising out-of-work congressional staffers on résumé preparation, job openings, and "job search techniques." About 200 people had shown up, female minorities mostly. They were standing patiently in different lines, while a woman behind a podium gave advice on form-filling. "Stress management" for "dislocated workers" was among the services provided.

Down the hall one congressional office was open, and a young man sitting beside the front desk was taking envelopes from one pile, slitting them open, and placing them in another pile without removing the contents. Every minute or so he answered the phone. "Congressman Dick Armey's office . . ."

First elected in 1984, Armey, 54, represents the suburbs of north Dallas. Now he will be the new House majority leader. When he arrived in Washington, he slept in a cot in the House gymnasium until Speaker Tip O'Neill turned him out. Then he slept on his office couch.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

He grew up in North Dakota, and by the age of 18 was working as a utility lineman. Two high school teachers had advised him to forget about college, but one crisp night, 30 degrees below zero and 30 feet above ground, he decided to try for it anyway. Indoor work! He graduated from Jamestown College, received a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Oklahoma, and later joined the faculty of North Texas State (now the University of North Texas).

He became chairman of an economics department that "cherished its Marxist traditions," but as he admired the free market, and Ludwig von Mises in particular, he soon became disillusioned. Tenure actually diminishes academic freedom, he says today, and faculty governance is the principal cause of the decay of the academy. Academic politics soon became too vicious for him, so he sought out the relative tranquillity of the U.S. Congress. Ten years later, he is near the top of that pole.

He soon came in with his assistant, Edward Gillespie. Armey is a six-footer with what looks like a suntan. His private office lacks the usual "power wall"—framed photos of Himself with Presidents Past. His father's spurs and saddle blanket are on display, and there's a framed page from *The Spirit of Enterprise* inscribed by George Gilder. He is a man interested in ideas, and as such seems not terribly interested in his material surroundings. He also conveys a sense of diffidence, almost of not quite believing what has happened to him. There's something, surely, that the press has overlooked here. To have become majority leader without opposition suggests unheralded diplomatic skills, for one thing.

He has been accused of shrillness. "Dick Armey is going to find himself a nonplayer," Rep. Mike Synar of Oklahoma told *Business Week* in 1993. "He's too shrill and has absolutely no effectiveness." Synar himself is a goner now, beaten in the Democratic primary by a retired schoolteacher whose campaign consisted of slipping his business card under windshield wipers. Armey told President Bush that reneging on his no-new-taxes pledge would make him a one-term president, and he told President Clinton much the same thing. Probably that's what they mean by shrill.

Sitting in his own office, Armey asked me if I would mind if he smoked a cigarette. He had just thought of an epigram: "Conservatives believe it when they see it. Liberals see it when they believe it." Ideology enables liberals to "see" the evidence for whatever they believe: that government can solve all problems, for example. When programs fail, more money must be spent. His psychologist wife would call it "projection." Conservatives base their beliefs on evidence. What's interesting here is that the new majority goes around pondering the ideological mindset of his opponents: a big change from earlier GOP leadership. I asked him how big a change had we just seen.

"It's really a massive change," he said. Conservatives had made the mistake of thinking that power lay with the presidency. Democrats all along had controlled spending, legislation, government programs—the agenda, in short. So there would be change now? I reminded him of what he well knew, that since the Depression government control over the economy has never really been rolled back. It's always hard to believe that one lives at the cusp of real change. Government has been a one-way ratchet, Armey said, because "the program is perceived more clearly than its cost." It's easier to see what we get than what we pay. That's why he favors a flat-tax, which "reveals clearly the cost of government to those who pay it."

Then he said: "It took forty years to

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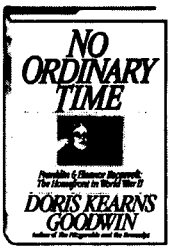

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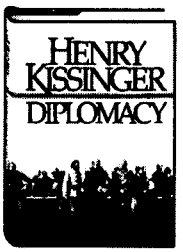

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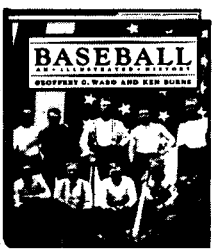

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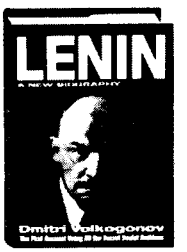

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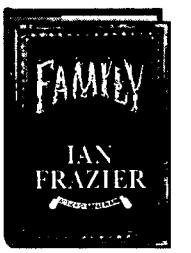

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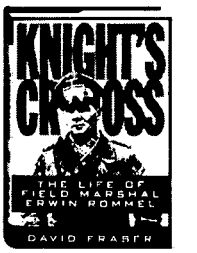

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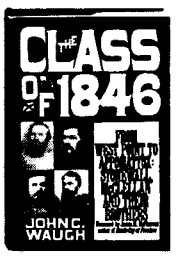

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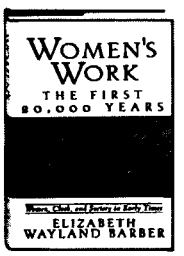

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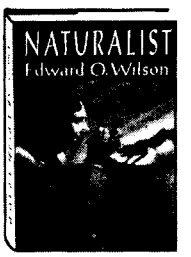

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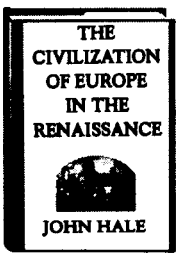

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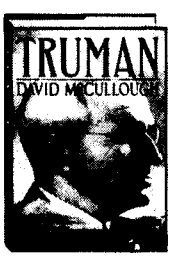

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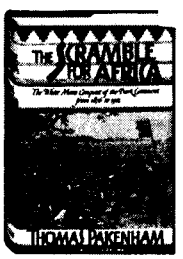

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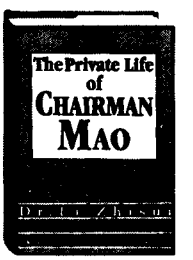

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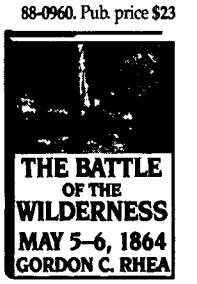

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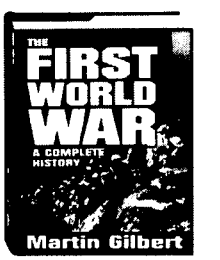

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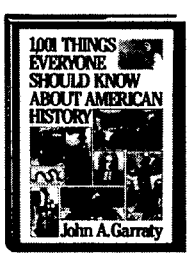

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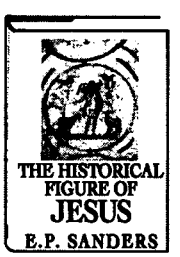

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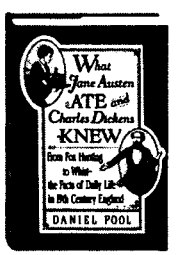

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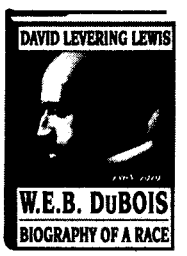

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build this welfare-regulatory state. I believe we can build it down in less than forty years, but it will be long, hard work. I also believe that if we try to go too far and too fast to the right, we run into the same problem Clinton did when he tried to make one lump-sum jump to the left. People want change, but in moderation. Look at the Democrats. Gradualism is the way they've gone. I don't mean to be timid now. But we need to understand that it will be a long, steady haul. Sprinters don't finish marathons, and this is a marathon task we've got before us."

He does see one or two early victories. Taxes, for one. "I believe we will get most if not all of the contract provisions for tax reduction through the Congress, to the president's desk, and signed," he said. "Including capital gains with 50 percent exclusion and indexing." By 1997 he expects to see a "massive tax restructuring." He does not expect that his flat (17 percent) tax proposal will come to the floor before then. His strategy is to "sell it to America first" (through talk radio mostly) and then let representatives bring it back to Washington.

Two weeks earlier, Katharine Graham of the *Washington Post* had invited about eighty people to a dinner for Charlie Peters, who founded the *Washington Monthly* twenty-five years ago. As a former editor I was present, and it was a rare pleasure to spend the evening with so many (neo) liberals. One comment I heard two or three times, and read several times more in the following week, was that Clinton "should have done welfare before health care." I laid this piece of Beltway wisdom at Dick Armey's feet. "The liberals are saying they should have done welfare before health care."

In 1993, he replied, almost a hundred Democratic congressmen, including powerful committee chairmen, sent Clinton a very public letter saying: If you push a welfare reform bill like the one you described in your campaign ("end welfare as we know it"), we will not only stop welfare reform but your health-care plan as well. "Within a week," Armey recalled, "the president announced that he would do welfare after health care."

Anyway, the time for welfare reform has come at last. The Republicans are geared up, and the vast social-worker establishment will be getting ready to transmute "reform" into a subtle expansion of the system (as happened in 1988). Horrid traps lie ahead for Republicans, and it is not clear that Rep. Clay Shaw of Florida, in line to head the relevant Ways and Means subcommittee, sees them. The Contract With America calls for "a tough two years and out provision with work requirements to promote individual responsibility," for example. "Work requirements" could lead to a government jobs program or a vast array of training programs that will employ tens of thousands of new social workers: one more victory for the caring professions, the facilitators, the coordinators, and the stress managers. What does Armey think?

"Of all the things that are in the contract package, the one that I consider most dynamic and changeable is welfare reform; I am careful how I describe it. We know we have a contract to bring that bill to a vote, and that will happen. But I am not predicting an outcome. That is going to be a very fascinating process."

It is indeed, and readers who want to follow the play without a scorecard should remember this: the welfare establishment over the last thirty years has been handed no defeats and has excellent news media connections. If you do not see in the headlines or hear on evening news loud howling and wailing and bitter accusations about hardhearted callousness, assume that the system is set for one more quiet expansion. It is doubtful that the problem can be solved nationally. The only promising solution is the restoration of autonomy to the states. If that happens, the federal judiciary will almost certainly emerge as the last line of defense for the status quo.

A week after the election, Armey got into a little trouble for something he said about term limits on National Public Radio. If Republicans can "straighten out the House," he said, making it function "democratically" and "efficiently," maybe Americans will find "their enthusiasm for term limits waning." He also said (as NPR did not broadcast) that limits would come up for a vote and that he would vote for it. Term limits "lock us into a reform Congress," he told me. But he's not entirely happy with the idea either. Having to support term limits is "a sad position for a person who loves the Constitution," he says. It is "the saddest position I take in politics." Meaning? "If the House of Representatives had always functioned the way it was intended to function," there probably would be no interest in term limits.

Maybe, but Congress is organized to vote money out of some people's pockets and into others', and as long as this continues term limits will be needed. However the Supreme Court rules, nothing short of a constitutional amendment will suffice: states that do not vote for limits will accumulate seniority at the expense of those who do. All congressmen of whatever party who vote against term limits should be targeted for defeat. Armey, incidentally, thinks it is "problematic" whether they will pass.

How about farm subsidies? The *Dallas Morning News* reported that, after the election, Armey had a talk with Rep. Pat Roberts of Kansas, incoming chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. An aide to Roberts said that Armey "agreed that with his new duties he is going to remove himself from the agriculture subsidy debate and let Mr. Roberts, who has the experience, deal with the farm bill." Armey's aide Ed Gillespie said that Armey "did not agree to remove himself from the debate," but did agree that he no longer has the time to make the issue "the legislative priority it has been in the past."

Armey told me: "The first thing I do as majority leader is recognize that we have a whole new Agriculture Committee; and that my job initially is to let that committee produce a product and then evaluate it; and do all the necessary work to facilitate that committee bringing its agenda to the floor." When the bill comes to the floor, he added: "I reserve my right as an individual member to hold my amendments against it." But this does not mean "I have changed my attitude about what is sound public policy."

In sum, these cautious remarks should not be taken to imply that Armey has changed—"grown." They reflect his new position. "I don't speak solely for Dick Armey anymore," he has said. As majority leader, he speaks "for the party." He also knows how difficult it will be to change a system that has endured without challenge for forty years. Armey would like to change the system. But without a real change in incentives—such as term limits would provide—it is safe to say that the institutional memory and momentum of Congress will be very difficult to overcome. ❐

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The Second Reagan Revolution

With the voters' rejection of a liberal activist presidency, it is up to the Republican Congress to meet their expectations. This time, the GOP will not have the Cold War and a Carterized economy to keep it from doing the right thing.

by Terry Eastland

Government tends to grow; government programs take on weight and momentum, as public servants say, always with the best of intentions, "What greater service we could render if only we had a little more money and a little more power." But the truth is that outside of its legitimate function, government does nothing as well or as economically as the private sector . . .
—Ronald Reagan
October 27, 1964

Ronald Reagan spoke those words thirty years ago on behalf of then–presidential candidate Barry Goldwater, but for the new Republican Congress, they are, as the preacher might say, a text—a text that declares a problem and implies a solution. Government's tendency to grow is the problem; limiting government so that it fits "its legitimate function" is the solution. When President Reagan talked about cutting spending, he typically pointed to "waste, fraud, and abuse"—as though savings in these areas alone could balance the budget. Under Reagan's presidency, government at least did not grow. Federal spending, as a percentage of gross domestic product, was roughly the same (22 percent) when Reagan left office as when he was first sworn in—a polite way of saying that he stunned but did not slay the beast. Citing this failure, David Stockman wrote a book subtitled "Why the Reagan Revolution Failed." The new Republican Congress now has the chance to prove Stockman wrong.

Of course, Reagan had other things to do, and in fact he did not really *take on* big government. He was bound to defeat the "Evil Empire" of the Soviet Union, and that goal required increased defense spending. He also inherited a miserable economy, and tried to revive it with income tax rate cuts and tight

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money. The Reagan record on both is impressive—economic recovery lasted throughout the 1980s, and the death of the Soviet Union signaled the collapse of Communism almost worldwide. Had he seriously tried to limit government, Reagan might not have done so well with these more immediate and compelling goals. Indeed, an electorate not yet so open to less government might have administered a crushing midterm defeat in 1982 and even turned against him in 1984. That Reagan did not, as president, pursue the agenda of his 1964 speech might well have saved him—as well as the agenda itself.

Today the political environment is more hospitable to a concerted effort to limit government than it was in the early 1980s. The economy, however you judge it, is not in the shambles of 1981. Not only do Republicans control both houses of Congress for the first time in forty years, but by all accounts they are more committed to cutting government than any previous Congress in modern times. A routed Democratic Party is now searching for a credible voice in a debate, manifestly not of its choosing, over how to scale back the size, scope, and cost of the federal government.

And then there is Bill Clinton. He is weak politically, and the Republican Congress will have to think about his legislative concerns only if forced to do so by presidential veto. (That possibility doesn't scare the victorious GOP. "I don't think people around here are thinking about how to overcome vetoes," one Hill Republican told me.) The kind of presidency Clinton wanted his to be is no longer possible. New Democrat rhetoric notwithstanding, Clinton has always seen his presidency in the line of progressive-liberal presidencies begun with Woodrow Wilson's. It is no coincidence that the Clintons paid a solemn visit in early 1993 to Hyde Park, nor that they argued their health care plan was an elaboration of the social security system FDR established in 1935.

Like Wilson, Roosevelt, and Lyndon Johnson, Clinton understands the presidency to be the dominant force in domestic politics; the president, in this view, should intuit what the American people want—even if it is not obvious to them—and rally their support for the necessary legislation from Congress. Nothing is beneath the president's concern, nor beyond what the federal government may try to do. In the "rhetorical presidency," as it is called, the president does not merely run the government—he runs the country. (Indeed, Clinton often speaks explicitly of how he "runs the country.")

As an instrument of progressive-liberal politics, the rhetorical presidency has consistently worked to enlarge government, and the classic means of doing this has been to invoke a "crisis" needing a government solution. Thus the Clintons talked frequently about a "health care crisis." But this model of the presidency reached its limits long ago, even though Clinton has never grasped this truth.

Today the public is less moved by the rhetoric of panic and more skeptical about the ability of government programs to solve putative crises. The media, which progressive presidents in the past could count on to get out their message, now consist of far more than just the newspapers of record, the networks, and other traditional outlets. New media, including talk radio, are populist in orientation and tend to be politically conservative. The old media hierarchy that served as a gatekeeper of news and information no longer exists.

Congressional Republicans have an excellent opportunity to pursue what Reagan aide Martin Anderson described in 1988 as "the unfinished part" of the Reagan Revolution. But achieving this goal won't be easy, regardless of Republican euphoria over the election results. For one thing, it's always possible that a foreign policy disaster or crashing economy could disrupt the GOP's best laid plans. Even assuming the revolution is renewed without distraction, there are institutional factors in the make-up of Congress that could impede the effort.

As readers of *The Federalist* know, members of Congress sit in two houses: the 100 senators represent states, while 435 representatives sit for districts. Disagreement occurs naturally, as senators elected to six-year terms tend to take a longer view than representatives elected every two years. While the views of congressional Republicans are more politically cohesive than in years past, and while the leadership will doubtless work hard to keep the rank-and-file in line, the very nature of Congress will make it difficult to garner sufficient majorities (and in some cases supermajorities) in both houses to slash the government. Few things could please President Clinton more than congressional Republicans bickering among themselves.[1]

Contrary to conventional wisdom in Washington, it is possible to cut $650 billion from the federal budget over the next five years without touching Social Security.

Then, too, there is the House Republicans' Contract With America, which framed the debate last fall and continues to do so during the first hundred days of the 104th Congress. Speaker Newt Gingrich's promise that the House will vote on each element in the contract during this period presents a potential political difficulty for the GOP. Gingrich's specific promise was not that all ten of its items would be passed by the House, much less the House and the Senate, but that they would be voted on by the House. Obviously the contract would not include the items it does were they not positions favored by House Republicans. But if the House actually votes down some of the important items in the contract, the consequence could be political liabilities for the party in 1996. Even if House Republicans approve the contract in

[1] While clear legislative conflict between Congress and the president would help define the political debate for 1996, the constitutional amendments Republicans are advocating are a different matter. The Constitution doesn't involve the president in the amendment process, leaving it entirely to the Congress and the people. Still, the hurdle is higher than for an ordinary statute: two-thirds majorities of both houses must approve an amendment before it can be sent to the states for ratification.

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full, the Republican Senate might disagree on enough items to dampen the party's image with voters.

As for the substance of the contract, its two constitutional amendments—term limits for members of Congress and a balanced budget—probably would *not* advance the second Reagan Revolution. Whatever arguments may be made for a term-limits amendment, such an amendment, even if ratified, would not affect the power Congress now exercises. In their final term of office, term-limited members could still pass laws regarding virtually anything; they could engage in pork-barrel spending to get a job back home (or in Washington). Government still might be as large and costly and intrusive as it is now.

The problem of big government, in a constitutional sense, is a problem of power. While the Constitution as written authorizes Congress to legislate only in certain areas, the *effective* Constitution under which Congress today does its work imposes very few constraints. The day before the election, the Supreme Court heard argument in a case that illustrates current reality: at issue in *U.S.* v. *Lopez* is whether a federal statute passed in 1990 that bans the possession of guns within 1,000 feet of a school is constitutional. Does Congress have the power to do this? As Justice David Souter observed during the argument, if it's okay for Congress to pass this law, there would seem to be no constitutional limit on its legislative authority.

One way to curb Congress's almost unlimited power is with an appropriately framed balanced-budget amendment. Such an amendment would require not merely the enactment of a balanced budget each year, but also a supermajority vote (say, three-fifths of both houses) whenever Congress wishes to raise taxes or the debt ceiling. In effect this amendment would concede the reality of modern congressional power, but would seek to check and balance that power through a supermajority requirement. As James Q. Wilson has written, such an amendment could well force Congress to "strike a balance between costs and benefits that is in the long-term interests of the public."

Unfortunately, the new Republican Congress is not going to propose to the states the correct kind of balanced-budget amendment. The House version is better than the Senate's, but neither contains the kind of supermajority requirement that's needed. Why are they not up to snuff? As one congressional aide told me, the answer is obvious: the right kind of balanced-budget amendment won't win the two-thirds majorities of both houses needed to propose it to the states.

A toothless balanced-budget amendment might nonetheless have symbolic importance, reminding Americans of the "fiscal morality," as William Niskanen of the Cato Institute calls it, that governed federal taxing and spending until the past two decades: we failed to balance income and expenditure only if at war or faced with some other clear national emergency. Amending the Constitution purely for symbolic reasons is unwise, however, and conservatives historically have been loath to do so. In any event, a symbolic amendment will be irrelevant to the second Reagan Revolution. With or without such an amendment—and there wouldn't be one until a year or two from now at the earliest—political will on the part of majorities in both houses is what is truly needed to reduce big government, and hence spending, through legislation alone.

Social Security accounts for more than a third of all spending, but congressional Republicans have agreed not to touch it. The program badly needs reform, but taking it off the slate for this session of Congress is wise; for one thing, targeting it would contradict what Republicans promised in the midterm election campaigns. Furthermore, if Republicans establish that they can govern in reasonable accord with the contract, they will be in a credible position to address Social Security reform—perhaps even with the help of a Republican president—starting in 1997.

This consideration underscores that the second Reagan Revolution, if it does occur, will take place elsewhere in the federal budget. To "pay" for the tax cuts in the contract, and to have a realistic chance of balancing the budget by 2002, as the House Republicans promise, Congress will have to cut spending for the next fiscal year (1996) by roughly $75-80 billion, and over the next five years by $650-750 billion. Contrary to conventional wisdom in Washington, it is possible to cut that much without touching Social Security. Both the Cato Institute and the Heritage Foundation have shown, item-by-item, how other spending can be cut now to balance the budget within the GOP timetable. What's required is agreement by majorities in both houses on legislation that can be sent to President Clinton, and Republicans now have those majorities—in other words, they have no excuses.

During the last session, Reps. Gerry Solomon (R-N.Y.) and John Kasich (R-Ohio) proposed major spending cuts that would have taken us a long way toward a balanced budget; Solomon's budget, in fact, would have reached that goal in 1999. In December, the House Budget Committee, under Kasich's chairmanship, began working on a separate spending reduction bill—$20 billion in cuts for next year, $200 billion over the next five years—that would be voted on by early February. Such an early demonstration of political will would represent a down-payment of sorts on the total spending cuts to come through the annual budget process, which officially begins in March.

One way to cut spending is to go through the federal budget line-by-line, with three questions in mind. First, is the targeted program obsolete? When asked of, say, the Interstate Commerce Commission, created in 1887, the answer is clearly yes. Second, is the program essentially special-interest pork? By this measure, most farm subsidies would be zeroed out. So would other welfare for middle- and upper-income earners. Third, is the program the prerogative of the federal government, or should it be left to the states and localities and the private sector? This last question, if raised unflinchingly, would lead to the dismantling of several cabinet departments (Education, Energy, Housing and Urban Development, and Commerce), not to mention sub-cabinet agencies such as the National Endowment for the Arts and the Small Business Administration and sundry offices and programs throughout government. (Congress could cap surviving programs at levels calculated to produce whatever remaining savings are necessary.)

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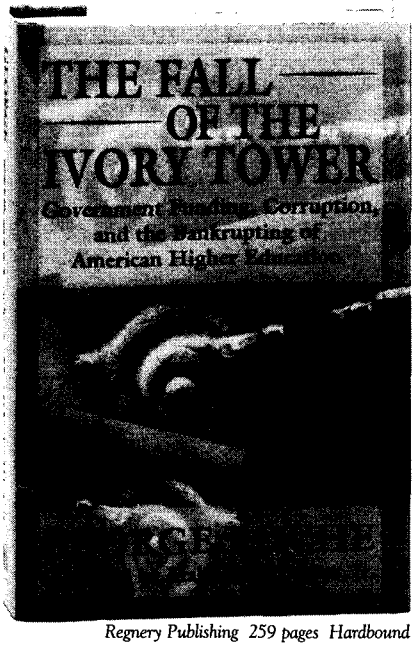
The spending cuts in the March budget resolution will require approval by the relevant committees over the next several months. Here William Kristol's flamboyant suggestion that the committees hold "show trials" and "public executions" of unjustifiable programs, offices, and the like makes a powerful point: the GOP should use the present opportunity not only to cut spending, but to educate an electorate more inclined than ever to reduce spending, but unsure of why or how it should be done. Through this process, the GOP could define what the "legitimate function" of the federal government is today.

The revenue side remains a wild card. Republicans did not include in the contract new Majority Leader Richard Armey's proposed flat tax, which would simplify life for everyone even as it put lobbyists, lawyers, and accountants out of work. ("We'll talk to America about it right now," says Armey, who wants the flat tax in the 1996 GOP platform. "We'll do this for another six months on talk radio before introducing it in Congress.") Instead, the contract contains tax cuts and tax credits; as both parties bid for voter affections, tax policy is definitely going to be changed. According to congressional budget committee aides, revenue losses from the proposed tax cuts and credits amounting to $175 billion over five years could be offset by additional spending cuts. But if the losses go higher, there's little hope of finding the additional cuts needed to keep on track toward a balanced budget. It's possible that the tax cuts will result in greater revenues, but in their shrewdness congressional Republicans have said they will stick to the current "static" method of predicting the impact of changes in tax policy—an approach that will leave them no choice but to reduce spending more if they are to achieve the balanced budget they have promised.

On this point, Sen. Phil Gramm is adamant. "I'm not looking for an excuse not to cut government," he says. Gramm has said he wants to craft a tax-cut bill in such a way that if revenues exceed the estimates under static scoring, the difference will be returned to taxpayers rather than absorbed by government to spend. Gramm's ideas are catching on. "The current 'scoring' method works to our advantage," one House budget committee aide told me. "If we have to offset dollar-for-dollar revenue losses from tax cuts, then we have to down-size government by that much. If we don't lose the kind of revenue we thought, or get more in return, we can cut taxes more."

"Republicans always have been committed to the lessons of limited government," says Gramm, "but we have not always been willing to vote for it." If Republicans in Congress are now willing to do so, the nation will soon be able to judge whether they like the less-than-big government, and whether they want Congress to keep on cutting spending in the years ahead. That's one reason why it's worth recalling something else Reagan said in that 1964 speech: "Will you resist the temptation to get a government handout for your community?" The second Reagan Revolution will test not just the mettle of congressional Republicans who declare it their mission, but also the virtue of the American people. ❐



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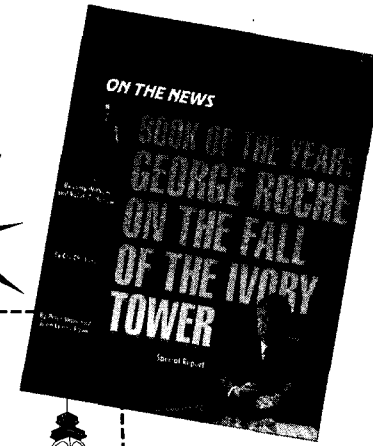

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James Ring Adams

Poor Pamela

Like the party she served so faithfully, the Democrats' queen mother Pamela Harriman has squandered her patrimony and may be one court appearance away from bankruptcy.

Through the dry 1980s, Pamela Digby Churchill Hayward Harriman—ex-wife of Winston Churchill's oldest son and widow of the railroad magnate, diplomat, and former New York Governor W. Averell Harriman—used her Georgetown connections and gilded soirées to drum up nearly $12 million for Democratic candidates. Mrs. Harriman is now United States ambassador to France, and guests from her dinners are sprinkled throughout the Clinton administration. But a tarnish is clouding her glamour. Averell Harriman's heirs from his previous marriages are accusing her of stripping several of their inheritance trusts of at least $30 million. An additional action charges that she used another part of the Governor's legacy as a virtual checkbook during the late 1980s, maintaining lavish living standards for the benefit of both herself and the Democratic Party. The patrimony is close to dissipated, and Pamela Harriman now fears bankruptcy—not unlike the party that calls her its First Lady.

The dramatis personae of the Harriman disgrace come from the highest ranks of the Democratic Party. Clark Clifford and his law partner, arms control "Wise Man" Paul C. Warnke, both trustees of the estate, and their money managers have been named as co-defendants in U.S. District Court in New York. Clifford has even had his assets frozen. (The court excluded Mrs. Harriman from the freeze order, on assurances that she still had sufficient resources, mainly in Matisses and Van Goghs, to cover the alleged damages.) Lloyd Cutler was helping Mrs. Harriman with negotiations in the case when President Clinton called for his help as temporary White House counsel. It became one of the two matters from his private business that the Ethics Office said he could still work on while in the administration.

Even more damaging charges surfaced in September in Loudoun County, Virginia, where Averell Harriman's will is registered. Although overshadowed by stories about the New York trust funds, the Virginia action involved the personal conduct of Pamela herself, not the bad judgment of intermediaries. Mrs. Harriman's step-grandchildren and step-great-grandchildren tried to have her removed as trustee of the governor's residual estate, on the grounds that she had lent most of it to herself. Averell Harriman's will set up a marital trust to provide income for Pamela,

James Ring Adams, an investigative writer with The American Spectator, *is at work on a book on the decline of the American republic.*

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but the principal was to pass after her death to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (Pamela and Averell had no children by their own marriage.) The Governor's offspring were beginning to worry that with the way Pamela was dipping into the estate there would be nothing left to distribute. "Because of the Executor's numerous breaches of her fiduciary duties," they wrote the Commissioner of Accounts in Leesburg, Virginia, "the principal account has been severely and negligently depleted and is at great risk of further depletion." Commissioner William Hanes passed the accounting to the circuit judge, telling the heirs it was more appropriate to sue Mrs. Harriman directly. As this issue goes to press, the heirs are thinking it over.

Pamela Harriman, Aristocrat and Fundraiser

Born Pamela Digby on March 20, 1920, the English aristocrat has been called the "courtesan of the century." More than a hostess and less than an independent thinker, Harriman became the linchpin of the Georgetown wing of the Democratic party at least as early as December 1980, when she organized her own political action committee—Democrats For The '80s, also known as PamPAC—as a place for bringing together centrist Democrats. Democratic Leadership Council stalwart Bill Clinton, who had just lost his re-election campaign for the Arkansas governorship, became a member of the first PamPAC board.

In one of the marital trust funds totaling $2 million, trustees William Rich and Pamela Harriman presented an accounting last September in which all but $1,500 consisted of IOUs from Mrs. Harriman.

Harriman's mentors in her fundraising were Robert Strauss, a Texas lawyer and former Democratic National Committee chairman, and Clark Clifford. In particular, Clifford—who arranged Harry Truman's poker games, designed the presidential seal, and, as secretary of defense, ended the bombing of North Vietnam—held a special place at the socialite's dinners. It was at one of her soirées that Clifford described Ronald Reagan as "an amiable dunce."

For roughly the decade that he helped Mrs. Harriman with PamPAC, Clifford enjoyed a new career as a banker—one that ended in disaster with the failure of the notorious Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI) and the revelation that it secretly and illegally controlled Clifford's First American Bankshares. Clifford and junior partner Robert Altman were later indicted on state and federal securities law violations. The charges against Clifford were dropped after Altman was acquitted by a New York state jury.

Throughout the nastiness, Harriman stood by her friend. Shortly before the collapse of the BCCI in 1991, she threw a dinner party to celebrate publication of Clifford's memoirs. The hundreds of guests caused "limolock the likes of which N Street hadn't seen for ages," said the *Washington Post*. They included Democratic congressional leaders, future Clinton appointees Ron Brown and Lloyd Cutler, and media glitterati such as the *Wall Street Journal*'s Al Hunt, Jack Nelson from the *Los Angeles Times,* and NBC commentator Tim Russert, none of whom reported on the affair.

The more than $200,000 of start-up money for PamPAC came from an unlikely mix of hard-nosed labor unions and New York society. The Marine Engineers Beneficial Association gave the group $5,000, as did the United Auto Workers' Good Government Fund. Other early support came from the Railroad Signalmen, the Communications Workers, the Longshoremen, and the Machinists, not to mention the Democratic Leadership Council. Contributions of $1,000 and more came from New York philanthropist Mary Lasker, several of Harriman's children and grandchildren, politically active New York lawyers and industrialists, and fixtures of the East Coast social elite such as Brooke Astor, Ellen and Peter Straus, Sharon Percy Rockefeller, Angier Biddle Duke, and Orin Lehman.

PamPAC's first payouts were modestly distributed in $500 increments to four obscure congressional candidates. A fundraiser for Averell's 90th birthday in October 1981 more than doubled the group's funds, allowing PamPAC to give $10,000 each to the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee and the Democratic Leadership Circle. By the midterm elections in 1982, Pamela's group was in full swing. A long roster of liberal and not-so-liberal Democratic candidates got checks of up to $5,000, and some of those recipients became familiar names on Capitol Hill—Tom Daschle of South Dakota, George Mitchell of Maine, Barbara Boxer of California, Barney Frank of Massachusetts. Democratic campaign committees for the Senate and the House each received the maximum donation of $15,000, and by the end of 1982, Mrs. Harriman and PamPAC had handed out nearly $700,000.

Her peak fundraising year came in 1986, when the dinners at her Georgetown home raised $1.8 million for a successful campaign to win back the Senate. (Only a relative handful of House candidates, among them Mike Espy of Mississippi, received the group's support in the election.) Mario Cuomo called PamPAC "the most effective political organization I know of within our party."

How the Trust Fund Got Taken

According to its campaign reports, Democrats For The 80s operated in part from the Wall Street address of Middleburg Management Corporation, which oversaw the Harriman

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estate. MMC was run by a hard-working, unglamorous money manager named William Rich III, who played a prominent role in Clifford's own affairs as one of the five outside directors on the nine-man board of First American Bank of New York.

Mrs. Harriman's political and personal interests intertwined in the person of Rich, who represented a narrower interest than anyone else on the board, since he had only one outside client: the Harriman trusts. (Clifford entrusted his own legal work on the trusts to a junior partner named J. Griffin Lesher, who also handled the details of Clifford's involvement with the BCCI. Lesher represented the First American Bankshares Inc. and its subsidiaries, as well as the offshore shell corporations that fronted for the secret BCCI ownership. "He did the dirty work," an investigator into the BCCI debacle said of Lesher, who received immunity from the Manhattan district attorney to testify at Robert Altman's trial.)

In late 1989, William Rich fell in with Eugene W. Mulvihill, a fast-talking real-estate sharpie from New Jersey who had an admitted history of fraud and had been barred for life from the securities industry. Mulvihill had already made some money for Rich in a minor land flip, and now was offering Rich the deal of a lifetime—a resort hotel in the hills of northwest New Jersey. With just $5 million for renovations, the hotel could become a world-class conference center, Mulvihill said. He drove Rich to view the dramatic setting and hooked his fish.

Lloyd Cutler was helping Mrs. Harriman with negotiations in the case when President Clinton called for his help as temporary White House counsel. It became one of the two matters from his private business that the Ethics Office said he could still work on while in the administration.

Rich ignored the past of both the hotel and its promoter. The Seasons Resort in Vernon Valley had opened in 1971 as the Playboy Hotel at Great Gorge, and from that tacky start had gone through a change of hands and a foreclosure. Not only run down, the hotel was a dumping ground for its new owners' bad paper: Mulvihill's group had a history of generating worthless investments. He had on his record a guilty plea to six New Jersey state counts of fraud involving unauthorized operation of an insurance company. The SEC had been tracking Mulvihill since 1970, when it first suspended his penny-stock brokerage Mayflower Securities on a series of fraud and stock manipulation charges; it later barred him from the securities industry for life.

One of Mulvihill's partners in the Seasons Resort was a former Mayflower salesman, Robert E. Brennan, who had picked up the wreckage when the company collapsed and turned it into the notorious First Jersey Securities. Famous for the First Jersey television commercials in which he would pop out of a helicopter and tout a new investment opportunity, Brennan is the target of a much-reported SEC civil suit that finally went to trial in 1994 in New York after a decade of sparring. (Another item from Brennan's past makes him an even more surprising investment partner for Mrs. Harriman: in 1982, he was finance chairman for the Senate campaign of supply-side Republican Jeffrey Bell.)

The hapless Rich invested $5 million from the Harriman heirs' trust into the Seasons Resort, and soon found he was throwing money into a bottomless pit. Invoices for renovations kept coming, as did notices for back taxes, mortgages, and other obligations the promoters had forgotten to mention. In the futile hope he could turn the investment around, Rich poured good money after bad, and by the end of 1993, Seasons had swallowed $21 million of funds from the Harrimans' trusts.

The trusts were invested through two partnerships, and since Averell's death in 1986, the only three general partners for both have been Clifford, Warnke, and Pamela Harriman. Not only were the trustees failing to keep Rich in control, but both Clifford and Mrs. Harriman were also putting money of their own into his deals.

When Mrs. Harriman made the financial disclosure required by her appointment as ambassador, she showed a substantial personal investment in the Seasons Resort. She listed a personal stake in Valley Development Associates, a limited partnership formed in 1990 to hold preferred stock in Princeton–New York Investors, Inc., the New Jersey corporation that owned the resort and was itself largely owned by Mulvihill and Brennan. The largest stake in Valley Development, some 91 percent, belonged to the Harriman Partnerships. Mrs. Harriman's own share was less than $100,000, about one percent of the partnership.

But she reported a much larger commitment in direct loans. One of the assets listed on her disclosure form consisted of more than $1 million in notes receivable from Valley Properties, Inc., "who's [sic] sole asset is a resort located in Vernon Valley, N.J." William Rich formed Valley Properties in April 1991, after he had plunged more than $10 million into the resort.

Troubling questions surround this entry on the federal disclosure form. When Rich formed Valley Properties, his intention was to inject even more money into the resort by buying the common stock of Princeton–New York. But liquidating the stocks and bonds in the Harriman trust funds would have put the Harriman heirs on red alert. Instead he pledged the blue-chips from the trusts as security for an $18 million line of credit from Morgan Guaranty. Clifford and Warnke signed the promissory notes as general partners of the Harriman Partnerships. Pamela added what seemed like

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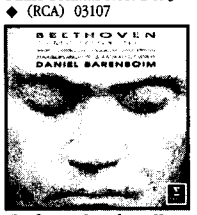

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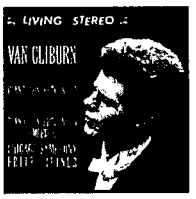

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further security by backing the loan with her personal guarantee.

The New York suit now charges that the three trustees devised this elaborate borrowing scheme as part of an effort to hide these high-risk investments from the Harriman heirs. From 1991 to 1993, the suit charges, the trustees were so anxious to conceal the losses at Seasons Resort that they sold off principal from the trust funds to keep up the regular dividend checks. Although Mrs. Harriman's defenders argue that she was out of the loop on the investment details, the suit charges that her signature on the $18 million loan guarantee amounts to direct personal involvement. Her sympathizers point to her more than $1 million in personal loans and investments in the project as proof that she was as much a victim as the Harriman heirs. Maybe so, but one can also say that they place her in a massive conflict of interest, if, as a trustee for the Harriman Partnerships, she authorized those enormous commitments in the hopes of salvaging her personal interest. To cap all the damage, when the Harriman heirs learned that Morgan Guaranty was calling the loan and asked Pamela to make good on her guarantee, she pleaded poverty—and refused.

But while their personal funds took a major hit, Clifford's First American Bank emerged from the Seasons Resort debacle curiously unscathed. The one valuable piece of land at the resort was a golf course, which the project manager sold in November 1990 to a Japanese investor. Part of the proceeds from the sale were used to pay off a six-month-old loan from First American Bank of New York, making it the only outside lender to recoup its investment. The rest of the proceeds from the golf course, including $7 million that the Harriman heirs say could have repaid part of the involuntary lending to the resort, disappeared into the hotel's omnivorous expenses.

How Much Did She Take?

Each year in Leesburg, Virginia, near Harriman's "Willow Oak" country home, the Loudoun County Commissioner of Accounts certifies a statement of Averell Harriman's residual estate—that is, what remained after his bequests were parceled out. In one of the marital trust funds totaling $2 million, trustees William Rich and Pamela Harriman presented an accounting last September in which all but $1,500 consisted of IOUs from Mrs. Harriman.

The "statement of new investments" for this trust reads like Mrs. Harriman's personal checking account. Through 1989, for instance, the estate made fourteen payments "to or on behalf" of Mrs. Harriman, in sums ranging from $2,600 to $100,000; they were rolled together in an "on-going note" of $569,783.05. By 1993, this "on-going note" totaled $1,799,402.22.

Shortly after President Clinton's inauguration, Mrs. Harriman learned she was to be named ambassador to France. She then spent the subsequent months cleaning up her financial affairs with Rich, prior to producing a financial disclosure report for the federal Office of Government Ethics. But her clean-up raises even more questions, not least of which is whether the FBI background check noticed what was actually going on with the money. On March 11, she paid nearly $1.2 million to the estate on an outstanding note, but on the same date the exact sum of the payment was booked as a loan to an entity identified as the Sterling Fund. A source close to the estate says that no cash actually changed hands, that Mrs. Harriman signed over a note due to her. A similar shuffle occurred a week later. The estate received about $500,000 in two installments from Mrs. Harriman, but the exact amounts of these payments were invested immediately in "Sterling Fund" notes. If this transaction sounds confusing, that's because it was meant to be, giving the illusion of repayment when little or no money actually changed hands.

If the Sterling Fund is the same as the Sterling Venture Capital Fund (the source is not certain that it is), then whatever money that changed hands would still have ended up with Mrs. Harriman. In 1987, she sold her ownership of the Sterling venture fund back to the fund itself in exchange for $2 million to be paid in yearly installments, beginning in 1992, of $200,000. Instead of owning the fund, she became its main creditor. As part of the deal, the Sterling venture fund distributed shares to Averell's grandchildren, whom Rich persuaded to guarantee the payments. As they later complained in the New York suit, the fund doesn't have the money for these payments, and the subsidy to their step-grandmother has now become their personal obligation. A similar arrangement with another of Averell Harriman's investment vehicles saddled the heirs with an additional $500,000 annual payment. Their lawsuit, in short, alleges that they now have to pay Pamela $700,000 a year for her services in squandering their patrimony.

Even with this legerdemain, Pamela still owes a lot of money to the fund she has been overseeing. Her government financial disclosure form lists two notes of more than $1 million each drawn from the Harriman funds.

Like Clark Clifford, Paul Warnke, and the other wealthy liberals who make up her circle, Harriman drew her prestige from proximity to the great events of World War II and its aftermath. A sense of noblesse oblige enforced the Democratic Party's claim to rule as a permanent majority. In light of the scandal and decline over which they presided, it's fitting that even their personal fortunes have been diminished. Mrs. Harriman's fabled riches turn out to consist largely of her art collection, the most valuable part of which, Van Gogh's *White Roses*, is pledged to the National Gallery.

Although her lawyer Lloyd Cutler tells reporters, "By any standards, she will be able to live out her life comfortably," a lawyer for her step-children told the New York court that she is down to her last $3 million in cash and talking about declaring bankruptcy.

The political realignment brought about by the midterm elections may have been delayed through the 1980s by the highly successful fundraising of figures like Pamela Harriman. Like the grand dame herself, the Democratic Party has been living off its capital. ❐

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Do You Make These Mistakes in Job Interviews?

BY GARY BENCIVENGA

NEW YORK—Do you know why you should ***never*** eat a spinach salad when you're being interviewed over lunch?

If you're a man, do you know why you should ***never*** wear a *gold bracelet* to a job interview?

If you're a woman, do you know the type of blouse that makes interviewers of both sexes label you as a loser?

Did you know that arriving *too early* for an interview irritates many executives as much as showing up late?

According to a fascinating new report, these are but a few examples of innocent but costly mistakes almost everyone makes when job-hunting.

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This is the key question addressed by a riveting report that's just been released, ***Interviews That Win Jobs.***

Privately published and not available in bookstores, this quick-reading report is based on extensive research with hiring executives, recruiters, outplacement officers and other top experts on how to land lucrative job offers in today's tough white-collar job market.

The report even incorporates the results of video-taped studies, conducted through two-way mirrors, by placement services and universities. These studies have clearly identified what ***the most successful*** job candidates do differently than others to win many more job offers.

Of greatest value, the report reveals today's most powerful strategies for winning the job over hordes of other applicants, some of whom are bound to be better qualified than you.

Surprisingly, the report says that beating the odds can be much easier than you ever imagined *IF* you apply some simple rules of ***effective self-marketing.*** Indeed, since so few candidates are familiar with these strategies, they give you an enormous, almost unfair edge.

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❒ The 25 biggest interview *turnoffs.*

❒ As revealed in *Forbes,* there's one *quirky* personality trait 98% of interviewers ***love*** to see. *Let them!*

❒ The mistake made by 90% of those fired from a prior job. *It can guarantee you won't be hired again soon!*

❒ How to skyrocket your number of job offers by making interviewers feel ***SAFE*** in hiring you.

The report also reveals how to make nervousness and body language work *for* you....How to wow them with your qualifications without sounding braggy ....The three qualities interviewers prize *most,* and...How skilled interviewers can detect when you're lying or "stretching."

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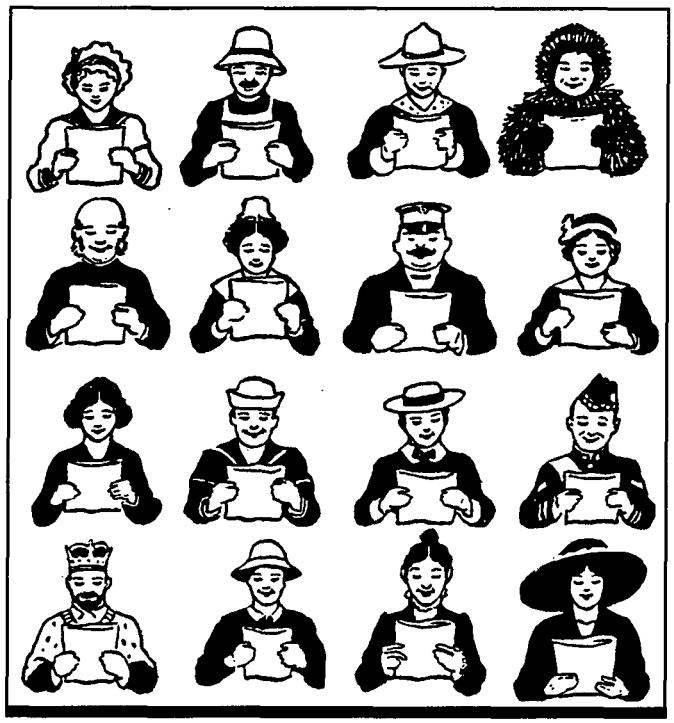
Thomas Sowell

Ethnicity and IQ

A leading scholar on the interplay of race and culture opens a new avenue in the debate launched by The Bell Curve *over the heritability of intelligence.*



The Bell Curve is a very sober, very thorough, and very honest book[1]—on a subject where sobriety, thoroughness, and honesty are only likely to provoke cries of outrage. Its authors, Charles Murray and the late Professor Richard J. Herrnstein of Harvard, must have known that writing about differences in intelligence would provoke shrill denunciations from some quarters. But they may not have expected quite so many, quite so loudly or venomously, and from such a wide spectrum of people who should know better.

The great danger in this emotional atmosphere is that there will develop a two-tiered set of reactions—violent public outcries against the message of *The Bell Curve* by some, and uncritical private acceptance of it by many others, who hear no rational arguments being used against it. Both reactions are unwarranted, but not unprecedented, in the over-heated environment surrounding so many touchy social issues today.

The predictive validity and social implications of intelligence test results are carefully explored by Herrnstein and Murray in more than 500 pages of text with another 300 pages of appendices, footnotes, and an index. *The Bell Curve* is an education on the whole subject, including the evidence pro and con on a wide variety of controversial issues. Even where the authors clearly come down on one side of a given issue, they usually present the case for believing otherwise. In such candor, as well as in the clarity with which technical issues are discussed without needless jargon, this book is a model that others might well emulate.

Contrary to much hysteria in the media, this is not a book about race, nor is it trying to prove that blacks are capable only of being hewers of wood and drawers of water. The first 12 chapters of the book deal solely with data from all-white samples, so as to be rid of the distracting issue of racial differences in IQ scores. In these chapters, Herrnstein and Murray establish their basic case that intelligence test scores are highly correlated with important social phenomena from academic success to infant mortality, which is far higher among babies whose mothers are in the bottom quarter of the IQ distribution.

Empirical data from a wide variety of sources establish that even the differing educational backgrounds or socioeco-

[1] Editor's note: Our own review of *The Bell Curve*, by Christopher Caldwell, appeared last month.

Thomas Sowell's most recent book is Race and Culture *(Basic Books).*

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nomic levels of families in which individuals were raised are not as good predictors of future income, academic success, job performance ratings, or even divorce rates, as IQ scores are. It is not that IQ results are infallible, or even that correlations between IQ and these other social phenomena are high. Rather, the correlations simply tend to be higher than correlations involving other factors that might seem more relevant on the surface. Even in non-intellectual occupations, pen-and-paper tests of general mental ability produce higher correlations with future job performance than do "practical" tests of the particular skills involved in those jobs.

In such a comprehensive study of IQ scores and their social implications, there is no way to leave out questions of intergroup differences in IQ without the absence of such a discussion being glaring evidence of moral cowardice. After ignoring this issue for the first 12 chapters, Herrnstein and Murray enter into a discussion of it in Chapter 13 ("Ethnic Differences in Cognitive Ability"), not as zealots making a case but as researchers laying out the issues and reaching the conclusions that seem to them most consistent with the facts—while also presenting alternative explanations. They seem to conclude, however tentatively, that the apparent influence of biological inheritance on IQ score differences among members of the general society may also explain IQ differences between different racial and ethnic groups.

This is what set off the name-calling and mud-slinging with which so many critics of *The Bell Curve* have responded. Such responses, especially among black intellectuals and "leaders," are only likely to provoke others to conclude that they protesteth too much, lending more credence to the conclusion that genetics determines intelligence. Such a conclusion goes beyond what Herrnstein and Murray say, and much beyond what the facts will support.

First of all, Herrnstein and Murray make a clear distinction between saying that IQ is genetically inheritable among individuals in general and saying that the differences among particular groups are due to different genetic inheritances. They say further that the whole issue is "still riddled with more questions than answers." They caution against "taking the current ethnic differences as etched in stone." But none of this saves them from the wrath of those who promote the more "politically correct" view that the tests are culturally biased and lack predictive validity for non-white minorities.

It is an anomaly that there exists a controversy over the predictive validity of tests. This is ultimately an empirical question, one for which there is a vast amount of data going back many years. Herrnstein and Murray are only summarizing these data when they shoot down the arguments and evasions by which the conventional wisdom says that these tests do not accurately predict future performance. Long before *The Bell Curve* was published, the empirical literature showed repeatedly that IQ and other mental tests do not predict a lower subsequent performance for minorities than the performance that in fact emerges. In terms of logic and evidence, the predictive validity of mental tests is the issue least open to debate. On this question, Murray and Herrnstein are most clearly and completely correct.

In thus demolishing the foundation underlying such practices as double-standards in college admissions and "race-norming" of employment tests, *The Bell Curve* threatens both a whole generation of social policies and the careers of those who promote them. To those committed to such policies, this may be at least as bad as the authors remaining "agnostic" (as Herrnstein and Murray put it) on the question as to whether black-white IQ differences are genetic in origin.

On some other issues, however, the arguments and conclusions of *The Bell Curve* are much more open to dispute. Yet critics have largely overlooked these disputable points, while concentrating their attacks on either the unassailable conclusions of the book or the presumed bad intentions of the authors.

In short, groups outside the cultural mainstream of contemporary Western society tend to do their worst on abstract questions, whatever their race might be.

While Herrnstein and Murray do an excellent job of exposing the flaws in the argument that tests are culturally biased by showing that the greatest black-white differences are not on the questions which presuppose middle-class vocabulary or experiences, but on abstract questions such as spatial perceptual ability, their conclusion that this "phenomenon seems peculiarly concentrated in comparisons of ethnic groups" is simply wrong.

When European immigrant groups in the United States scored below the national average on mental tests, they scored lowest on the abstract parts of those tests. So did white mountaineer children in the United States tested back in the early 1930s. So did canal boat children in Britain, and so did rural British children compared to their urban counterparts, at a time before Britain had any significant non-white population. So did Gaelic-speaking children as compared to English-speaking children in the Hebrides Islands. This is neither a racial nor an ethnic peculiarity. It is a characteristic found among low-scoring groups of European as well as African ancestry.

In short, groups outside the cultural mainstream of contemporary Western society tend to do their worst on abstract questions, whatever their race might be. But to call this cultural "bias" is misleading, particularly if it suggests that these groups' "real" ability will produce better results than their test scores would indicate. That non sequitur was destroyed empirically long before Herrnstein and Murray sat down to write *The Bell Curve*. Whatever innate potential various groups may have, what they actually do will be done within some particular culture. That intractable reality cannot be circumvented by devising "culture-free" tests, for

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such tests would also be purpose-free in a world where there is no culture-free society.

Perhaps the strongest evidence against a genetic basis for intergroup differences in IQ is that the average level of mental test performance has changed very significantly for whole populations over time and, moreover, particular ethnic groups within the population have changed their relative positions during a period when there was very little intermarriage to change the genetic makeup of these groups.

While *The Bell Curve* cites the work of James R. Flynn, who found substantial increases in mental test performances from one generation to the next in a number of countries around the world, the authors seem not to acknowledge the devastating implications of that finding for the genetic theory of intergroup differences, or for their own reiteration of long-standing claims that the higher fertility of low-IQ groups implies a declining national IQ level. This latter claim is indeed logically consistent with the assumption that genetics is a major factor in interracial differences in IQ scores. But ultimately this too is an empirical issue—and empirical evidence has likewise refuted the claim that IQ test performance would decline over time.

Even before Professor Flynn's studies, mental test results from American soldiers tested in World War II showed that their performances on these tests were higher than the performances of American soldiers in World War I by the equivalent of about 12 IQ points. Perhaps the most dramatic changes were those in the mental test performances of Jews in the United States. The results of World War I mental tests conducted among American soldiers born in Russia—the great majority of whom were Jews—showed such low scores as to cause Carl Brigham, creator of the Scholastic Aptitude Test, to declare that these results "disprove the popular belief that the Jew is highly intelligent." Within a decade, however, Jews in the United States were scoring above the national average on mental tests, and the data in *The Bell Curve* indicate that they are now far above the national average in IQ.

Strangely, Herrnstein and Murray refer to "folklore" that "Jews and other immigrant groups were thought to be below average in intelligence." It was neither folklore nor anything as subjective as thoughts. It was based on hard data, as hard as any data in *The Bell Curve*. These groups repeatedly tested below average on the mental tests of the World War I era, both in the army and in civilian life. For Jews, it is clear that later tests showed radically different results—during an era when there was very little intermarriage to change the genetic makeup of American Jews.

My own research of twenty years ago showed that the IQs of both Italian-Americans and Polish-Americans also rose substantially over a period of decades. Unfortunately, there are many statistical problems with these particular data, growing out of the conditions under which they were collected. However, while my data could never be used to compare the IQs of Polish and Italian children, whose IQ scores came from different schools, nevertheless the close similarity of their general patterns of IQ scores rising over time seems indicative—especially since it follows the rising patterns found among Jews and among American soldiers in general between the two world wars, as well as rising IQ scores in other countries around the world.

The implications of such rising patterns of mental test performance is devastating to the central hypothesis of those who have long expressed the same fear as Herrnstein and Murray, that the greater fertility of low-IQ groups would lower the national (and international) IQ over time. The logic of their argument seems so clear and compelling that the opposite empirical result should be considered a refutation of the assumptions behind that logic.

Blacks today are just as racially different from whites of two generations ago as they are from whites today. Yet the data suggest that the number of questions that blacks answer correctly on IQ tests today is very similar to the number answered correctly by past generations of whites.

One of the reasons why widespread improvements in results on IQ tests have received such little attention is that these tests have been normed to produce an average IQ of 100, regardless of how many questions are answered correctly. Like "race-norming" today, such generation-norming, as it were, produces a wholly fictitious equality concealing very real and very consequential differences. If a man who scores 100 on an IQ test today is answering more questions correctly than his grandfather with the same IQ answered two-generations ago, then someone else who answers the same number of questions correctly today as this man's grandfather answered two generations ago may have an IQ of 85.

Herrnstein and Murray openly acknowledge such rises in IQ and christen them "the Flynn effect," in honor of Professor Flynn who discovered it. But they seem not to see how crucially it undermines the case for a genetic explanation of interracial IQ differences. They say:

> The national averages have in fact changed by amounts that are comparable to the fifteen or so IQ points separating blacks and whites in America. To put it another way, on the average, whites today differ from whites, say, two generations ago as much as whites today differ from blacks today. Given their size and speed, the shifts in time necessarily have been due more to changes in the environment than to changes in the genes.

While this open presentation of evidence against the genetic basis of interracial IQ differences is admirable, the failure to draw the logical inference seems puzzling. Blacks today are

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just as racially different from whites of two generations ago as they are from whites today. Yet the data suggest that the number of questions that blacks answer correctly on IQ tests today is very similar to the number answered correctly by past generations of whites. If race A differs from race B in IQ, and two generations of race A differ from each other by the same amount, where is the logic in suggesting that the IQ differences are even partly racial?

Herrnstein and Murray do not address this question, but instead shift to a discussion of public policy:

> Couldn't the mean of blacks move 15 points as well through environmental changes? There seems no reason why not—but also no reason to believe that white and Asian means can be made to stand still while the Flynn effect works its magic.

But the issue is not solely one of either predicting or controlling the future. It is a question of the validity of the conclusion that differences between genetically different groups are due to those genetic differences, whether in whole or in part. When any factor differs as much from A1 to A2 as it does from A2 to B2, why should one conclude that this factor is due to the difference between A in general and B in general? That possibility is not precluded by the evidence, but neither does the evidence point in that direction.[2]

[2] It is widely acknowledged that height is heavily influenced by genes, and it is not controversial that races differ in height because of these genetic differences. Yet predictions of a decline in national height over time, because of a greater fertility in groups of shorter stature, were likewise confounded by an increase in the national height. Yet, rightly, no one regards this as a refutation of the belief that height is greatly influenced by genes and differs from race to race for genetic reasons. Similarly, rising IQs over time do not refute the belief that races differ in IQ for genetic reasons, though it ought to at least raise a question about that belief. The parallel breaks down when we realize that height can be measured directly, as innate potential cannot be, but is wholly dependent on inferences about what would have happened in the absence of environmental differences.

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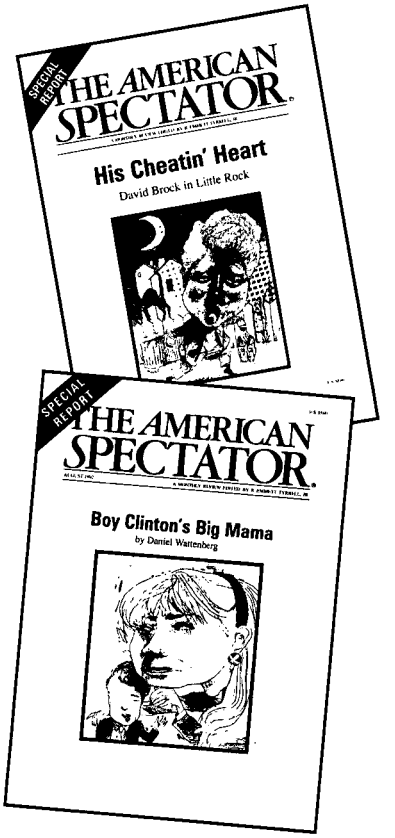

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A remarkable phenomenon commented on in the Moynihan report of thirty years ago goes unnoticed in *The Bell Curve*—the prevalence of females among blacks who score high on mental tests. Others who have done studies of high-IQ blacks have found several times as many females as males above the 120 IQ level. Since black males and black females have the same genetic inheritance, this substantial disparity must have some other roots, especially since it is not found in studies of high-IQ individuals in the general society, such as the famous Terman studies, which followed high-IQ children into adulthood and later life. If IQ differences of this magnitude can occur with no genetic difference at all, then it is more than mere speculation to say that some unusual environmental effects must be at work among blacks. However, these environmental effects need not be limited to blacks, for other low-IQ groups of European or other ancestries have likewise tended to have females over-represented among their higher scorers, even though the Terman studies of the general population found no such patterns.

One possibility is that females are more resistant to bad environmental conditions, as some other studies suggest. In any event, large sexual disparities in high-IQ individuals where there are no genetic or socioeconomic differences present a challenge to both the Herrnstein-Murray thesis and most of their critics.

A remarkable phenomenon commented on in the Moynihan report of thirty years ago goes unnoticed in The Bell Curve*—the prevalence of females among blacks who score high on mental tests.*

Black males and black females are not the only groups to have significant IQ differences without any genetic differences. Identical twins with significantly different birthweights also have IQ differences, with the heavier twin averaging nearly 9 points higher IQ than the lighter one.[3] This effect is not found where the lighter twin weighs at least six and a half pounds, suggesting that deprivation of nutrition must reach some threshold level before it has a permanent effect on the brain during its crucial early development.

Perhaps the most intellectually troubling aspect of *The Bell Curve* is the authors' uncritical approach to statistical correlations. One of the first things taught in introductory statistics is that correlation is not causation. It is also one of the first things forgotten, and one of the most widely ignored facts in public policy research. The statistical term "multicollinearity," dealing with spurious correlations, appears only once in this massive book.

Multicollinearity refers to the fact that many variables are highly correlated with one another, so that it is very easy to believe that a certain result comes from variable A, when in fact it is due to variable Z, with which A happens to be correlated. In real life, innumerable factors go together. An example I liked to use in class when teaching economics involved a study showing that economists with only a bachelor's degree had higher incomes than economists with a master's degree and that these in turn had higher incomes than economists with Ph.D.'s. The implication that more education in economics leads to lower incomes would lead me to speculate as to how much money it was costing a student just to be enrolled in my course. In this case, when other variables were taken into account, these spurious correlations disappeared.[4] In many other cases, however, variables such as cultural influences cannot even be quantified, much less have their effects tested statistically.

The Bell Curve is really three books in one. It is a study of the general effects of IQ levels on the behavior and performance of people in general in a wide range of endeavors. Here it is on its most solid ground. It is also an attempt to understand the causes and social implications of IQ differences among ethnic groups. Here it is much more successful in analyzing the social implications where, as the authors say, "it matters little whether the genes are involved at all." Finally, it is a statement of grave concerns for the future of American society and a set of proposals as to how public policy should proceed in matters of education and social welfare programs. These concerns need voicing, even if they are not always compelling. One chance in five of disaster is not to be ignored. That is, after all, greater than the chance of disaster in playing Russian roulette.

In one sense, the issues are too important to ignore. In another sense the differences between what Herrnstein and Murray said and what others believe is much smaller than the latter seem to think. The notion that "genes are destiny" is one found among some of the more shrill critics, but not in *The Bell Curve* itself. Nor is race a kind of intellectual glass ceiling for individuals. As the authors write:

> It should be no surprise to see (as one does every day) blacks functioning at high levels in every intellectually challenging field.

Critics who insist on arguing that we are talking about an intellectual glass ceiling should recognize that this is their own straw man, not something from *The Bell Curve*. And if they refuse to recognize this, then we should recognize these critics as demagogues in the business of scavenging for grievances. *The Bell Curve* deserves critical attention, not public smearing or uncritical private acceptance. ❐

[3] Miles D. Storfer, *Intelligence and Giftedness: The Contributions of Heredity and Early Environment* (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass Publishers, 1990), p. 13.

[4] Because a postgraduate degree was usually required to be an economist, those economists with only a bachelor's degree tended to have entered the profession before this requirement became common. That is, they tended to be older and have more experience, with this experience being more likely to have been in the more lucrative business world rather than in academia.

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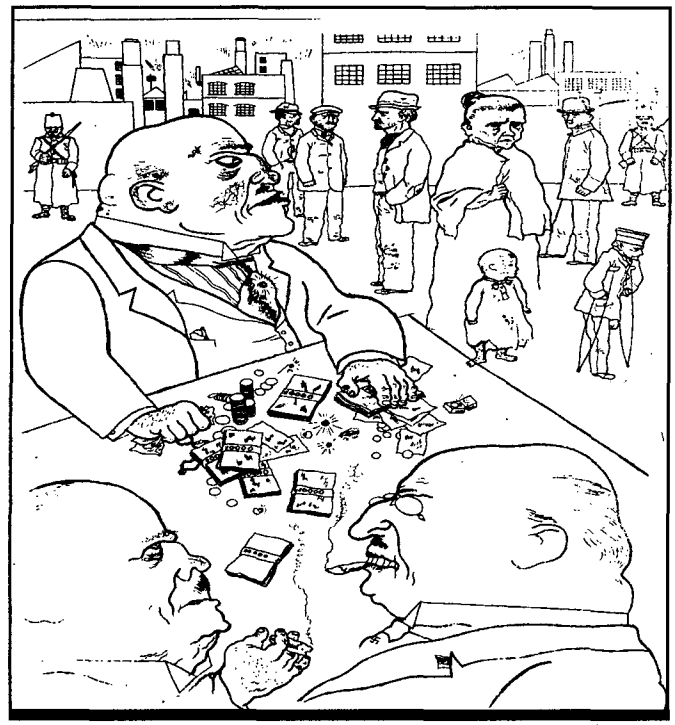
William Tucker

Sweet Charity

It is, when it's paid for by government. The shocking story of nonprofits feeding at the trough at your expense.



Catholic Charities, the largest nonprofit organization in the country, raised $339 million last year through an "advent appeal" to its 10 million contributors, in addition to the annual Cardinals' appeal to Catholic parishioners. Yet this voluntary fundraising was dwarfed by the money that Catholic Charities received from federal, state, and local governments. Of its $1.9 billion budget, $1.2 billion, or 65 percent, came from government sources.

Volunteers of America obtains charitable donations with their familiar Santa Clauses, who solicit pedestrians on the streets at Christmastime. Although these efforts raised $25 million last year, VOA got $198 million—69 percent of its $289 million budget—from city, state, and federal contracts.

Each year *NonProfit Times* surveys the 100 largest nonprofit fundraising institutions in the nation; in 1993 these institutions received 22 percent of their income from federal, state, and local government. This figure has climbed steadily from 17 percent in 1992 and 8 percent in 1965. "Lutheran Social Ministries, our biggest fundraiser last year, didn't even qualify for the list this time because they no longer get even 10 percent of income from charitable donations," says John McIlquham, editor of *NonProfit Times*. "They got 92 percent of their income from the government."

Over the last decade, the long arm of the government has extended into a new area—the tax-exempt portion of the "independent sector" that includes the nation's charities. This independent sector, which includes colleges, nonprofit hospitals, and religious organizations, is made up of the roughly one million organizations that have 501(c)(3) tax exemptions from the IRS. The 550,000 charities in this sector delivered about $100 billion in goods and services in 1993 and raised only $60 billion—$50 billion from individuals and $10 billion from corporations, foundations, and bequests. The remaining $40 billion came from other sources, mainly the government. As a result, dozens of the oldest and most respected charity groups have become virtual adjuncts of the government, dependent on grants, contracts, and vendor payments. Many of the newer organizations are more dependent still, having been formed *specifically because* of government grants in housing, child care, and mental-health services.

"Whenever the subject of the balanced-budget amendment comes up in this town, there's an immediate line-up of nonprofits such as Catholic Charities and United Way to

William Tucker is The American Spectator*'s New York correspondent.*

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testify against it," says Peter Sepp, spokesman for the National Taxpayers Union. "Few people understand how incestuous the relationship between nonprofits and the government has become."

Working Hard for the Money

Higher tax rates have made fundraising much more difficult for charities in recent years. The average family contribution declined from $889 in 1992 to $880 in 1993, and corporate giving, adjusted for inflation, has declined steadily since 1988. "As people's discretionary income gets smaller, it's harder to get them to give," says Kay Hullings, associate director of the United Cerebral Palsy Associations and *NonProfit Times*'s 1993 "Fundraiser of the Year."

Scandals have also hurt. William Aramony, former president of United Way, has been charged with using contributions to pay extravagant expenses for himself, his wife, colleagues, and female acquaintances. Other charities have been criticized because their fundraising costs absorb a significant portion of donations. The Marine Toys for Tots Foundation got a bundle of bad publicity in 1994 when a $10 million direct-mail fund drive accrued no net gain. To counter this trend, many nonprofits have begun listing fundraising activities as educational programs in order to disguise these costs—a move that has drawn rebukes from watchdog groups. The Girl Scouts now claim their cookie sales are an educational activity. The National Charities Information Board has charged that 54 percent of Mothers Against Drunk Driving's "program" spending goes to fundraising activities.

Paradoxically, these criticisms have created an atmosphere in which charities that turn to the government are being complimented for avoiding the hassles of fundraising campaigns. "A group that relies mostly on public donations generally must spend more on fundraising than one that gets large government grants," explained *Money* magazine in its annual review of charities last November. Adds Rick Moyers, of the National Center for Nonprofit Boards: "We just did a survey of our membership, and all of them still feel fundraising is their biggest challenge. I don't recall anybody worrying about over-reliance on government."

Still, there is a growing uneasiness that the "independent sector" may be losing its independence as it relies more and more on the government for its livelihood. "All these government grants and contracts aren't going to come without some kind of scrutiny and regulation," says McIlquham of *NonProfit Times*. "If nonprofits aren't worried, they should be."

Charitable Society

Most people trace the beginning of the symbiosis between the government and nonprofits to the Great Society. In 1968, for example, Volunteers of America answered the call of the Johnson administration's Section 202 housing program and began building and managing apartment complexes for low-income families and the elderly. The organization is now the nation's largest provider of nonprofit housing, running 96 apartment complexes in 21 states that house 26,000 residents.

Along the way, however, VOA lost much of its "volunteer" orientation. As late as 1968, more than 90 percent of the organization's funds came from charity, foundation grants, United Way allocations (formerly the "Community Chest"), and income from its $13.5 million endowment. With the rise of the welfare state and government contracting, these percentages have changed drastically. In 1993, VOA reported a $289 million budget, of which volunteer contributions and interest on endowment formed less than 12 percent of income:

Public Support (streetcorner donations)	$25.3 million
United Way Allocations	5.6 million
Government Fees and Grants	198.4 million
Service fees and sales	31.0 million
Investment income	3.3 million
Administrative income	0.1 million
Other income (mostly rents from government-sponsored housing)	25.2 million
TOTAL	$289.1 million

Many state and local chapters of VOA, which have independent budgets, are actually far more involved in government contracting. In New York City, where the sidewalk Santa Clauses are a holiday fixture, the organization is 90 percent dependent on government grants.

This shift has caused a little edginess in the agency's headquarters. "Like all nonprofits, we'd like to get a better balance between volunteer contributions and government grants," says Art Smith, VOA's director of communications. "Government aid is actually restrictive because the money can only be spent in one way and it limits our activities. It also impairs your impetus to go out and raise funds. That's a real danger all nonprofits face—just sitting back and figuring the government will take care of you."

Many other major nonprofits are in similar situations:

• The Catholic Relief Services, founded in 1943 to help European refugees, currently distributes emergency food and medical services in 75 countries. In 1993, 81 percent of its $295 million budget came from government contracts and only 17 percent ($50 million) from private donations.

• The United Cerebral Palsy Associations rely on government funding for 81 percent of their $462 million budget. Based in Washington, UCPA has close ties with several key administration officials, including Robert Williams, a former UCPA executive, who is now development disabilities commissioner for the Department of Health and Human Services. Michael Morris, deputy director of UCPA, was himself a top aide to former Connecticut Senator Lowell Weicker. Because of its success in securing government contracts, many local chapters have cut fundraising staffs altogether.

• CARE, which distributes international relief aid, gets 75 percent of its $451 million budget from government

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sources, mostly through foreign food-distribution programs. Only 24 percent of its funding comes from donations.

• Save the Children, of Westport, Connecticut, also involved mostly in international relief, gets 41 percent of its $84 million budget from government sources.

• The Association for Retarded Citizens, in Arlington, Texas, gets 66 percent of its $478 million budget from government sources.

• Planned Parenthood gets 37 percent of its $446 million income from services fees at its birth-control-and-abortion clinics (Medicaid pays for abortions in sixteen states), 33 percent from government grants and contracts (mostly through the Maternal and Child Health and Social Services Block Grant Programs), and 28 percent from private contributions and bequests.

• The Chicago-based National Easter Seal Society gets 38 percent of its $351 million budget from government sources, much of it through Medicaid payments for its vocational rehabilitation services. The organization also has a $1 million grant from the Department of Transportation to consult with public-transit authorities on compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act.

• Goodwill Industries was founded in 1902 by a Methodist minister who got the idea of employing immigrants by fixing up household goods discarded by the wealthy. Today, Goodwill's 1,500 stores generate $589 million in income from donated goods. The proceeds are used in training handicapped people. But Goodwill also holds $488 million (18 percent of income) in federal contracts, with which it employs handicapped people to clean government buildings. This money comes from the National Institute for the Severely Handicapped.

It should be noted that a great number of nonprofits have eschewed the government-grant route and still raise nearly all their funds from charity. The following charitable organizations in the *NonProfit Times* 100 get none of their money from government sources: Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, United Jewish Appeal, YWCA of USA, American Cancer Society, Christian Children's Fund, National Benevolent Association Christian Church, Muscular Dystrophy Association, and the United Negro College Fund.

While long-established organizations have slipped into government contracting, much of the real growth among nonprofits has been in the "entrepreneurial sector"—the ad hoc organizations that have never engaged in charity work, but establish themselves specifically to take advantage of government programs. Indeed, founding a nonprofit organization has come to be a rite of passage for liberal politicians. Congressman Joe Kennedy II started the Citizens' Energy Corporation, which used various subsidies to provide heating oil to the poor. Jimmy Carter has spent much of his post-presidential career working for Habitat for Humanity International, a home-building group that raises 91 percent of its $126 million budget from contributions and gets only 7 percent from the government.

HELP for the Future

The program that is most likely to serve as a model for future nonprofits is Project HELP (Housing Enterprise for the Less Privileged), the creation of Andrew Cuomo, undersecretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Founded in 1986 during his father Mario's tenure as governor of New York, HELP has built 1,000 units of new housing and currently puts 1,800 homeless people a year through its six-month program.

HELP provides "transitional" housing—a system in which residents are subject to a full-court press of social services. Drug addicts are routed through drug clinics, alcoholics through alcoholic treatment programs, illiterates through training and education programs. When clients are stable enough to live on their own (they are given six months), they are transferred to permanent housing usually run by other nonprofits. According to Cuomo, all this is done at a third of the cost to taxpayers. Whether this is actually saving government money or just finding new ways to spend it, HELP has become the model for "Priority: Home!," the new $1.7 billion HUD program that will set up similar transitional housing throughout the country.

Project HELP can only be described as a total government environment. Construction money is acquired by securing a service agreement with the host municipality to provide HELP with a steady stream of tenants' welfare checks for a period of ten years. HELP uses this guarantee to secure a bond rating, and then issues tax-exempt construction bonds. The municipality also guarantees to take over the mortgage if the welfare checks run out. (New York State and New York City have pledged $85 million apiece for construction as well.) The tenants never see their own welfare checks. "The money comes directly to us," explains Marc Altheim, executive vice-president of HELP. "We make deductions for the bond payments, and then give them a small spending allowance."

HELP holds tenants to strict behavioral codes, and because 20 percent of the homeless in its program get expelled for fighting, the agency had to get a special exemption from New York's strict anti-eviction laws. The Legal Services Corporation has challenged these evictions, but New York's courts have declared HELP to be a "hospital," and therefore exempt from anti-eviction statutes. "We put an enormous amount of pressure on the city and state," says Altheim. "We told them 'We can't do this unless you let us evict people.' We couldn't let a few people ruin it for everyone."

Public opposition understandably mounts when it is revealed that a rooming house or abandoned building down the block is to be transformed into a homeless shelter. In 1992, three homeowners in Berkeley, California, organized a protest against the conversion of a local motel into homeless housing. In 1994, the three found their records being subpoenaed by HUD for violations of the Fair Housing Act, and faced fines of as much as $50,000 before HUD called off the investigation under a barrage of negative publicity.

What was little remarked on during the controversy was

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that the investigation was initiated by Housing Rights, Inc., a nonprofit organization that lives on $60,000 a year in city and HUD grants to pursue housing discrimination cases. "I would file the same suit again today," says Sarah Lawless, director of Housing Rights. "Former alcoholics and former substance abusers, who were the targets of the opponents' propaganda, are protected classes under the Fair Housing Amendments Act." The project—which is being constructed with federal funds by Resources for Community Development, another Berkeley nonprofit—is scheduled to open this spring.

The New Government Jobs

Emerging nationwide is a budding "nonprofit–social services complex" that both imitates and rivals the military-industrial complex that caused so much concern in the 1960s and 1970s. Since social service spending (about $330 billion) now exceeds military spending ($325 billion), the nonprofit–social services complex is a potentially more formidable power, as can be seen today in New York City, where recent investigations have revealed that government-funded social services are beginning to dominate the local economy.

Last October, *Crain's New York Business* ran a two-part series documenting the remarkable degree to which social service agencies and the politicians who patronize them are monopolizing the city's resources. The story reported a remarkable fact: *The New York social services economy now employs more people than Wall Street.* In some neighborhoods, where politicians such as Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger or the South Bronx's Ramon Velez have built vast social nonprofit empires, *more than half* of local employment now comes through social service organizations. "What we're witnessing," says Fred Siegel, professor of history at Cooper Union, "is something that's never been seen before in this country—an economy in which the government is becoming the major factor."

The impact of nonprofits extends far beyond mere employment. New York's tight political machines and obscure bureaucracies have allowed politics to intrude into every form of commerce. One principal tool has been the fifty-nine Community Planning Boards, which have advisory powers on zoning and land-use and whose entire memberships are appointed by the borough presidents with "consultation" from city council members. Many of these boards have become stacked with members from the social services economy, who regularly drive off private developers and steer properties to nonprofit organizations.

"When we went before the community planning board to protest the opening of a homeless drop-in shelter, we discovered that a majority of the board members were also on the board of the Neighborhood Coalition for Shelter, the group that was sponsoring the facility," says Leo Frantzman, president of the West 77th Street Block Association. "We got the shelter and ended up with a neighborhood baby being stabbed by a homeless resident."

"The sheer explosion of these facilities has dried up the pool of buildings available for private investment and development," says Edward J. Malloy, president of the Building and Construction Trades Council of Greater New York. "This has hampered the economic growth of the whole city."

At the national level, the main problem remains the tendency of nonprofits to develop a "vanguard" leadership that plugs into government funding and gradually loses touch with the rank-and-file. "They all speak the same language and angle for the same government grants," says Bob Huberty, research director of the Capital Research Foundation. "That's why they're all moving down here to Washington."

This voluntary fundraising was dwarfed by the money that Catholic Charities received from federal, state, and local governments. Of its $1.9 billion budget, $1.2 billion, or 65 percent, came from government sources.

The National Council of Senior Citizens, for example, receives 90 percent of its funds from the government and is run by a board of directors made up almost entirely of labor union leaders. The council eventually experienced a revolt of the rank-and-file last year when its Washington-based leadership supported the Clinton health-care program. Even the Girl Scouts of America, it was recently revealed, has developed an out-of-touch national leadership that absorbs *all* the funds raised by cookie sales while leaving local chapters to fend for themselves.

Is there any alternative to this pattern? People within the charity world point almost invariably to Alcoholics Anonymous, the self-help movement that currently serves one million members. In a 1941 article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Jack Alexander described AA's structure: "There are no salaried organizers, no dues, no officers, and no central control. Locally, the rents of assembly halls are met by passing the hat at meetings. In small communities, no collections are taken, as the gatherings are held in private homes. A small office in downtown New York acts merely as a clearinghouse for information."

Fifty-four years later, AA still has the same structure. Members are not allowed to make contributions of more than $1,000 a year nor leave more than $1,000 in their wills. AA once returned a check for $125,000 to a deceased member's estate. "Money would divert us from our primary mission, which is to cure alcoholics," said a spokesman in the New York office. In the tradition of the organization, he wished to remain anonymous. ❐

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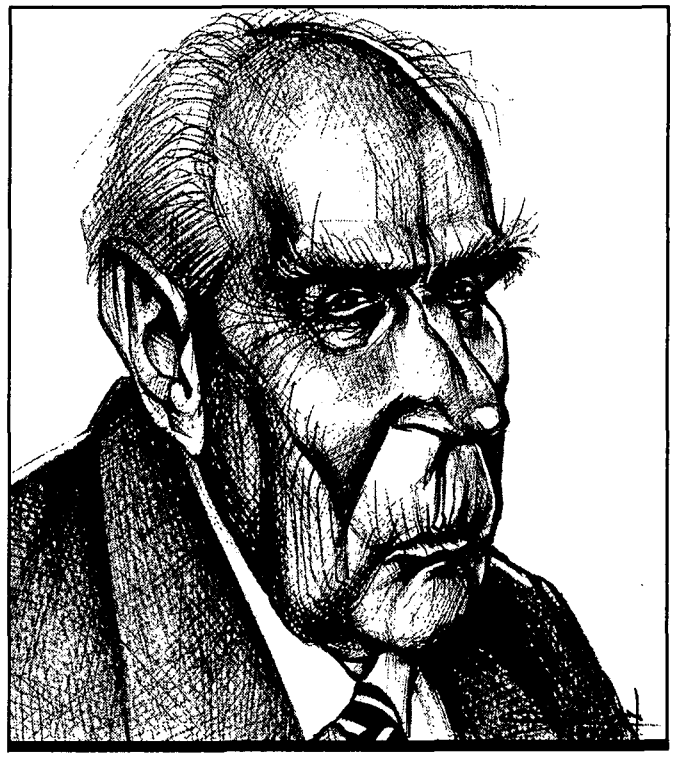
Roger Kaplan

Vichy François

The ambivalence of the French about President Mitterrand's collaborationist past seems rooted in a national unease about France's ignoble history since Vichy.



With France soon to elect a new president after fourteen years of François Mitterrand, there is a paradoxical sense that the French are satisfied with this man who is leaving behind him a field of ruins. The Socialist Party, which he brought to power, is a shambles ideologically and politically. The Germans are taking over the European movement. Failures in Yugoslavia and Rwanda grew out of choices by Mitterrand that belied his own rhetoric. Unemployment, one of the central themes of Mitterrand's long campaign against the conservatives, is much worse than when he won the presidency.

Yet his popularity ratings are holding at over 50 percent. Somehow, this odd situation seems to be connected to revelations about Mitterrand, the man, since last summer, as if the French wanted to assure themselves that they hadn't been dupes for fourteen years, that they wanted what they got—national shortcomings, personal failures, and all. They *wanted* a man with a history as ambiguous and tortured as their nation's, a man of supreme cynicism who could say, when queried recently about an illegitimate child kept for years with her mother in official residences, "So what?"

François Mitterrand was a fascist in his youth. Evolving philosophically (or at least politically), the man who represents the French left remained on friendly terms with some of the worst numbers in the Vichy regime of Marshal Pétain. Moreover, as President of the Republic, he had aided and abetted the National Front of Jean-Marie Le Pen, actively helping these Jew- and America-hating Saddamophiles go from 1 to 15 (20 in some regions) percent in the polls—not the opinion polls, mind you, the votes of French citizens.

Mitterrand now claims he did not know about the anti-Semitic legislation of the government he served in the 1940s. People had assumed his rhetoric about "cosmopolitan money" and "money that knows no country" was merely Socialist cant. He always claimed to have no personal interest in money. Yet people around him—including his best friend Roger-Patrice Pelat, and his last prime minister Pierre Beregovoy—got into thick money scandals. The first died of a heart attack before he could be tried for a mammoth scam involving nationalized companies and therefore public funds. The second died of shame, a suicide, for taking money from the first. Mitterrand blamed the press.

He no longer does. The journalists who went after him—on his attachments to the extreme right and on the money scandals—were armed with facts, documents, and witnesses, some of them suggested by Mitterrand himself. He even made astounding confessions in interviews. "Bousquet?" he

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said, referring to his friendship with a notorious wartime Nazi collaborator. "He was an admirable character."

For fifty years Mitterrand has been one of the key figures in French political life. His countrymen had always known old *Tonton* ("Uncle") was a crafty fellow, who could earn his other moniker *le Florentin* (as in Machiavelli) when he wanted. They knew about the women (although the second family was known only to a few intimates and journalists), the Freemasons (a French obsession), his loyal friends and his lifelong enemies, and somehow they had missed *something* essential. People had to wonder whether they were blind—or stupid, which in France is the worst sin of all.

The scandal that hit Paris last August was provoked by Pierre Péan's *Une Jeunesse Française*, a meticulously researched book on Mitterrand's career in the 1930s and '40s. The shock was not so much in the broad fact of Mitterrand's participation in the Vichy regime that ran France under the German shadow from the summer of 1940 until the summer of 1944. That was already known. Rather, it was in the details: the sincerity with which he had engaged himself, the enduring loyalties that he formed while there. What was intolerable to those who for years had bought Mitterrand's own rationale—Vichy was a cover for Resistance work—was the feeling of having been had. Which is exactly how Jean Daniel put it in a lead editorial in his weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*, the conscience and weathervane of the French left and the Paris intelligentsia. What Daniel expressed was not only exasperation with the fifty-year game of "love me, love me not" that Mitterrand has played with the French people, and the French left, but the feeling that the French had never sufficiently expiated the sins of the fascist Vichy regime.

Another thing the left had conveniently forgotten when it decided to make a deal with Mitterrand in return for coming back to power was the extent to which he had fought Third World liberation, despite all the later rhetoric when he became the leader of the Socialist-Communist Union of the Left. Already in 1965, when Mitterrand challenged de Gaulle from the left, Algérie Française irredentists sent him, via Bousquet, a suitcase full of cash. They appreciated his role in the Algerian War, when, as justice minister in the government of Guy Mollet (himself a Socialist), Mitterrand tried to stop the independence movement through a war of terror and torture. Algeria was set to the torch, and prisoners were treated, as several French officers and civil servants protested at the time—one of them was Michel Rocard, Mitterrand's rival in the Socialist Party and erstwhile prime minister—the way the French themselves had been by the Gestapo a decade or so before.

A well-respected journalist and historian who became interested in the young Mitterrand while researching the Cagoule, an ultra-right-wing movement of the thirties, Péan is scrupulous and restrained. His focus is on how Mitterrand lived the fascist years. He obviously struck a deep chord. This suggested that something was at work that went deeper than a morbid fascination with an aging president dying of prostate cancer whom the French know to be anything but a saint. What had come back, once again—it happens periodically—was the ghost of Vichy.

It happened the week they were celebrating the Liberation of Paris. It was a balmy week in this best of months when you are spared the Parisians and you can stroll around and admire the city, its pavements and rooftops, and not be overcome by jostling crowds and noise and, as I say, the Parisians themselves. You can take your time. Paris in August 1944 must have been sort of like this, except that the population was living on about 1,500 calories per day and the Germans were nervous and trigger-happy. To the west the battle of Normandy was raging, about sixty full-strength divisions on either side, but the Americans were better equipped. Eisenhower was inclined to bypass the capital, drive toward Flanders, and attack the Rhine.

The Paris Resistance, so the legend goes, forced the supreme commander's hand by rising up. In reality, there were serious negotiations between the Free French (the Gaullists) and Eisenhower's HQ, and Ike decided that the larger strategic purpose, as defined by the *Conetable*, Charles de Gaulle, was sound. They would liberate one of Europe's major capitals, send a message. They let General Leclerc, the famous Free French tank commander, spearhead the drive, and Leclerc found himself in the western and southern suburbs by August 10. The Resistance, which had, in fact, risen prematurely a few weeks earlier, rose again, and Paris was the scene of some fairly serious fighting until the German general Von Choltitz surrendered, instead of following Hitler's orders to blow the place up and retreat. Some 10,000 people, mainly Resistance fighters, Free French troops, and civilians, lost their lives. You can see the plaques on walls all over the city. (There were 3,200 German troops killed and 13,000 taken prisoner. Note by way of comparison that 200,000 Poles died in the Warsaw uprising the same month.)

That is the background. The French, always in a commemorative mood, re-enacted the arrival of the Leclerc Division, through the Porte d'Orléans on the southern periphery and down what is now the avenue Leclerc, past the place Denfert-Rochereau, which commemorates the (only) point that resisted the Prussian onslaught in the war of 1870, and down the boulevard Saint-Michel, the main drag of the Latin Quarter, to the river—the eternal Seine—to culminate at the Hotel de Ville. Arriving there in the evening of August 25, de Gaulle, flanked by his officers and the Communist-dominated Paris Resistance organization, made one of the greatest off-the-cuff speeches of his rhetorically fabulous career: "Paris, martyred and beaten, but not defeated! Paris is risen and liberated by its own children, aided by the arms of Free France, Fighting France, Eternal France—the only France!" Purple, maybe, but amazing: there was an entire American army corps just a few kilometers north of where de Gaulle was speaking and—the reason I am relating this—everybody believed him. Not because they knew it was true, but because they wished it were.

They re-enacted all this, period costumes, old tanks and jeeps, and all. The *scandale Mitterrand* that hit the follow-

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ing week is all bound up and confused in these events of August 1944. The week after Mitterrand led the French in a celebration of the Liberation of Paris by de Gaulle, he was the focus of a national debate: Had he been for Pétain, then—back when it was not commemoration but real life?

Mitterrand, after being taken prisoner, along with two-and-a-half million others, in the debacle of May-June 1940, escaped from a stalag and made his way to Vichy. Like most of his compatriots, he assumed that the war was over and that Pétain represented the country's best bet. Mitterrand never denied that he worked in the Vichy office responsible for POWs. Nor did he deny having been on the right in his youth, even, as the French say, on the right of the right. "Provincial, bourgeois, Catholic, what else could I be?" he has said. Péan investigated persistent rumors that Mitterrand had been a member of the Action Française, the monarchist organization led by Charles Maurras, whose milder editorials included lines like "Knock off the Jew" (meaning Leon Blum, the leader of the 1936 Popular Front and one of the saints of the French left). Péan found no evidence that Mitterrand had been a party member, though he had been close to active members.

In the fifties and sixties, wartime memories were still acute, and there were quite a few people who knew who Mitterrand had been, or rather what he had done. "He received the Francisque," was a recurring complaint. The Francisque was the Vichy Legion of Honor, but it had to be solicited. Fewer than five thousand were awarded. "It was a useful cover," Mitterrand shrugged.

The Vichy period was brief—summer 1940 to summer 1944. War was raging around the world. The Gaullists were advancing from Equatorial Africa, eventually to link up with the British in Libya and Tunisia, and the Americans in Algeria. In Algeria—not a colony but a fully integrated part of France, except the franchise was restricted to Europeans—sentiment was pro-Vichy but opportunistic. When the Americans arrived in late 1942 (my old dad was there), they had no clear sense of who were "our" French. The Gaullists ended on top.

This was when the Germans occupied the Vichy zone. Until then they had confined themselves to the northeast and the coastline, plus Paris. If Pétain had fled to Algiers at this point, he would have been, and would still be, a hero, and de Gaulle would not have been the leader of Free France. But Pétain, and many others, stayed put. Committed to a German victory? Surely.

Mitterrand always said this was when he made his choice for the Resistance. Péan suggests strongly that he vacillated until the end of 1943, and that the Gaullists themselves, whose networks Mitterrand approached (he went, at great risk, to Algiers and London), viewed him as a "useful Pétainiste," that is to say, the sort they ought to work with for national reconciliation after the war. And for reconciliation's sake, the Gaullists wanted to emphasize the myth of a France united in resistance, even within the Vichy regime. This was perfect for people like Mitterrand, eager to downplay their own vacillation. In the late forties, when he was a dashing, handsome, and successful politician of the center-right, the youngest minister in the musical-chair governments of the Fourth Republic (he headed a small party that always was needed to form working majorities), he helped collaborationist friends who had been in the Cagoule to get reduced terms during the *épuration*, or purge. In particular, he remained on good terms with the notorious René Bousquet.

Bousquet is, or was, one of France's bona fide criminals against humanity, one of the key players in the Final Solution, who sent thousands to the death camps with no special German prodding. He was not unrepresentative of the attitude of the French civil service, unfortunately, who viewed obedience—even zealous obedience—to the state as taking precedence over the values of the Republic. Bousquet was the antithesis of another civil servant, Jean Moulin, who as de Gaulle's delegate became head of the interior Resistance, was betrayed, and was tortured to death in a Gestapo jail by Klaus Barbie. On the day of his first inauguration, Mitterrand went to the Pantheon in great pomp and laid a red rose on Moulin's tomb.

Barbie eventually was extradited from Bolivia, where he had sought refuge after the war. He was tried in Lyon and sentenced to life in prison. Bousquet had received a suspended sentence for treason, due to friends in high places and the acknowledgment of "services rendered" to the Resistance (in late 1944). Decades later, Nazi-hunters went after him again. He was under indictment for crimes against humanity when someone described as "unbalanced" (and never heard from again) killed him in 1993.

The reason the Barbie trial took place only in the 1980s, and the Bousquet trial might have taken place only in the 1990s, was that a lot of people did not want them to take place. Mitterrand evidently was one of them. "What is the point," he asked, "of reviving these old wounds?" However, as Daniel Cordier, Moulin's deputy and biographer, pointed out, it might be one thing to entertain a national myth, bordering on a lie, about the Occupation and the Resistance; it was quite another "to go from the tomb of Jean Moulin to dinner with René Bousquet."

This sentiment was found most poignantly and cruelly inside the ranks of the Socialist Party, which vaulted into power headed by a moral, moralizing, and even moralistic Mitterrand, a man of grand phrases ("Socialism is Justice") in the Victor Hugo style, who admonished his compatriots to "change life," who actively supported youth movements such as S.O.S. Racisme, the young people's crusade against bigotry that seized the French imagination in the mid-1980s. And they loved him for this. They admired the fact that when tens of thousands of people descended into the street to protest the desecration of the Jewish cemetery at Carpentras in 1989, Mitterrand was in the lead.

To the young men and women at whose head Mitterrand rebuilt the Socialist *vieille maison* in the 1970s—leading it to victory in the name of "breaking with capitalism," of "justice," of "solidarity with the peoples of the world resisting imperialism," in opposition to the "dictatorial regime" of de Gaulle and his successors—the Vichy era was one of

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the most important defining moments of French history. Mitterrand, steeped as he is in that history and its rhetoric, knows this. In a famous campaign speech when Giscard d'Estaing was still president, he said: "From Thiers to MacMahon [conservative nineteenth-century leaders] to Giscard d'Estaing and Peyrefitte [contemporary conservatives], by way of Vichy, there is a straight line."

It need hardly be added that Jews belong disproportionately to the Socialist party to understand that all this repressed Vichy stuff came down on the demoralized left like—how else can you describe it?—a ton of manure.

By then, moreover, the no-longer-unspoken secret within the party was that the second Mitterrand term had been a disaster, that it represented a Mephistophelian pact. Mitterrand in 1988 had done all that he could do for French socialism and for France. He had presided over a wave of reforms that belonged to the traditional program of the left (increased social benefits, increased worker rights, openings to women, anti-racism, substantial nationalizations, aid to long-term unemployed) during the Mauroy government, and a wave of "liberal" reforms (a more open attitude toward private enterprise than even the French right had ever proposed) during the Fabius government.

Mitterrand had shown that the left in power did not mean Apocalypse, which in itself was a real step forward. The financial corruption that the Socialists had introduced into political life, partly out of that peculiar mix of romanticism and moral idiocy that characterizes the left ("Under capitalism, that is how you play the game"), was not yet widely known. It was sweet to be in France in 1988, and had he retired then, Mitterrand would have gone down in history as a great man.

But Mitterrand remains a man of power for its own sake. In 1988, he hung on, without purpose and without glory, unless it was, as some muckrakers suspect, quite deliberately to protect friends who were on the take.

The left will recover from Mitterrand. The French will too, I guess. They dealt with him in the French style, by writing anguished essays. Show their sensitivity. They thought he was such a clever guy. There had been rumors throughout the eighties that Mitterrand was helping the National Front, the neo-fascist party. Tut-tut, they said, that is only politics. We give a hand to Le Pen, the mainstream right loses votes to him.

But the journalists Gilles Perez, Emmanuel Faux, and Thomas Legrand found that giving a hand to Le Pen had been more than just some political shenanigans in some closely contested districts. In effect, Mitterrand "made" the National Front, ordering money and crucial air time to be made available to the worst demagogues to appear on the French scene since the days when there were people at Vichy, a few doors down from Mitterrand, demanding that the government be more anti-Semitic. (He said he did not hear anything.)

Mitterrand observers have often remarked that he is less a man of ideas than of loyalties, "Italian" in his sense that all politics boils down to patronage. One of his most faithful, and favorite, young men was Jacques Attali, an Algerian-Jewish jack-of-all-trades who was fired from the Eastern Europe reconstruction bank for spending more money on himself than on eastern Europe. In this concern for living well courtesy of other people's money, Attali was much like Mitterrand's friends and retainers, particularly what came to be called the "rose elite," and the boss himself. But Mitterrand took Attali to lunch at a restaurant near the river one day. Attali admired the other guest, though without having been introduced. "Who was that brilliant fellow?" the younger man asked later. "That was Bousquet," Mitterrand replied. Some versions of the story, perhaps wistful, have Attali puking into the Seine.

The French fascination with Vichy comes largely from this. The average Frenchman of a certain age is torn between lining up whoever was on the opposing side during the war—which is the largest of the many dividing lines between themselves that the French always live with—and shooting them, or sitting down to a fine lunch and admitting that at bottom they are all Frenchmen. It is profoundly illogical, and because the French prize logic they find it emotionally unbearable.

While he was anything but clear about his past, Mitterrand never fundamentally denied it. In other words, when confronted with evidence, over his long career, he allowed it, shifting the argument by coming up with still another rationalization. This is his style. But the point here is that the left has no case for pretending "it did not know." The only thing you could plausibly say "it did not know" was that Mitterrand continued to maintain personal relationships with fascists and killers, of whom Bousquet was the most notorious. Until some Jewish organizations finally got wise to him and raised the issue, he put flowers on Pétain's grave ("The hero of Verdun") every year. But the substance of all these revelations was known. Thus the question really is this: What did the left think it was doing?

The left was trying to do what Mitterrand himself was doing, and what, in a certain sense, much of France has always done, which is to have it both ways. Vichy comes back at the French again and again, and they react by saying, "Indeed, let us have it out once and for all," and then when they see what that entails, they shove it back into the closet. But little by little, the honesty becomes colder, the facts come out more clearly, the French feel a little better.

The French chose Mitterrand, as they say, *en connaissance de cause*, with direct personal knowledge. Somewhere they knew that they had accepted Pétain, and then they had rejected and rebelled against the cruel German occupation, and then they had accepted de Gaulle as a savior. And they had instinctively shouted, as had Mitterrand, when the first shots were fired in the Kabylie on All Souls Day 1954, "Algeria is France!" precipitating one of the cruelest colonial wars. Who is to say that in this immensely complex, shrewd man, this man of perverse loyalties as well as the most breathtaking selfishness, the French did not see a true reflection of themselves? ❐

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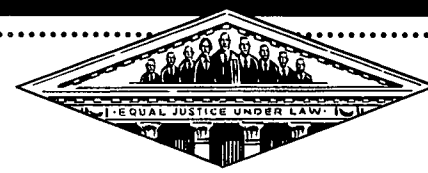

Let Us Pray

by Jeremy A. Rabkin

Pundits and editorial writers pounced on Newt Gingrich when he suggested, soon after the election, that Republicans in the House would take up a school prayer amendment after acting on the agenda outlined in the Contract With America. Most insisted the proposal was a major political blunder. But then most of them had previously decried the contract itself as a major political blunder, sure to lose votes for Republican candidates.

The school prayer amendment is an excellent idea, but an ambitious version of the proposal—one that tries to remove most or all current restrictions on state legislatures and local school boards—might not secure adoption by the required three-quarters of the states. Even seemingly popular general proposals can founder on emotional objections to particular details, as the failure of the Equal Rights Amendment ought to remind us. Almost any version of a prayer amendment will trigger an extensive debate, and such a debate will be helpful for Republicans and healthy for the nation.

Public opinion polls over the last thirty years have continually shown that roughly three-quarters of the electorate already supports prayer in the schools. President Clinton seemed to acknowledge this when he expressed openness to a prayer amendment soon after Gingrich's statement. But the Democratic Party is deeply committed—both financially and culturally—to constituents demanding perpetual allegiance to their own version of "civil liberties." The White House staff demonstrated as much when it hastily disclaimed the president's statement on this issue. It is not a bad thing for the majority party to align itself with the overwhelming majority of voters, and to leave Democrats to do the bidding of their fearful, angry little pressure groups.

The importance of the school prayer issue goes beyond both prayer and the schools, for there is no direct mention in the Constitution of either. Ever since its 1962 ruling against prayer and Bible-reading in public schools, the Supreme Court has used the supposed menace of religion in public schools as a doctrinal and political launching pad for broader attacks on religious references or accommodations to religion in public life. The court progressed from banning prayers in schools to banning the display of the Ten Commandments in public school hallways. It held that state aid to parochial schools violates the Constitution. It ruled that the display of a Christmas creche in a public building was also a constitutional violation. Some justices have even argued that laws restricting access to abortion manifest an improper "establishment of religion" by imposing a religious opinion on legislative policy—reasoning, in other words, that the Constitution requires religious opinion not only to be hidden, but also to be disenfranchised.

Nonetheless, the court has not dared to carry this logic through to its full conclusion. The court unaccountably ruled in the mid-1980s that prayers at the opening of state legislative sessions were constitutionally permissible, even when delivered by sectarian chaplains remunerated with taxpayer funds. Even liberal justices have acknowledged that the national motto, "In God We Trust," may remain on American money, and that the reference to "one nation under God" may remain in the Pledge of Allegiance. Justice Brennan, in a widely cited opinion, argued that such concessions to tradition were constitutionally acceptable because they were merely "ceremonial" and "solemnizing" gestures no longer conveying a serious "religious" connotation.

The Court has been most insistent, however, about suppressing concessions to religion in public schools. In 1985 it ruled that even a state-mandated "moment of silence" at the beginning of the school day was an affront to the Constitution, because some students might take it as encouragement to use that moment for silent prayer. In 1992, the Court held that a brief convocation statement at a high school graduation ceremony was unconstitutional because it mentioned the word "God." Lower courts have enforced the spirit of such rulings with a vengeance. Even student-initiated prayer and Bible-study sessions outside regular classrooms (given only for those who desire them) have been disallowed by lower court judges, who ruled that such activities suggest impermissible endorsement of prayer by public authorities if held on school grounds. One lower court even held that a public school was acting in accord with the Constitution in preventing a teacher from displaying a copy of the Bible on his desk and including a book of Bible stories among the books made available for free-time reading by students in his class. In a case now on appeal to the Supreme Court, lower courts have held that the University of Virginia acted properly in denying financial subsidies to a student Christian magazine, while allowing subsidies to a range of other student publications (including publications by Jewish and Islamic student groups): aid to a Christian publication might appear to be government endorsement of religion, and thus in violation of the First Amendment.

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(The case is being appealed by the indefatigable Washington-based Center for Individual Rights.)

The most common rationale for such religio-phobic rulings is unconvincing but nonetheless revealing. Children and adolescents, it is said, are particularly vulnerable to psychological coercion and the sting of exclusion; so the courts must be vigilant against religion in school settings. There is certainly some awkwardness in asking non-Christians to participate in, or remove themselves from, explicitly Christian devotion, which public schools have sometimes sponsored explicitly. But from the time of President Washington onward, public figures, public proclamations, and public rituals have invoked divine authority while steering clear of sectarian references. The New York state prayer struck down by the Supreme Court was itself entirely non-sectarian. Where there are any sizable numbers of non-Christians among the students, it seems unlikely in the 1990s that school officials will insist on religious formulas that are bound to offend many people.

The truth, however, is that while schools may usually try to avoid giving offense, no one seriously pretends that schools have a constitutional duty—or even a practical hope—of making every student feel equally comfortable at all times. Many public schools put a great deal of emphasis on competitive sports. Students with physical handicaps may not be able to participate in these sporting contests, but no one argues that schools must therefore abolish their sports programs. Many schools sponsor patriotic rituals centered around flag-raising ceremonies or the singing of patriotic songs. Students who are citizens of other countries, or who have been raised to think that America is not a land of "liberty and justice for all," may find such ceremonies alien or repellent. Few would then maintain that these ceremonies be abolished. The Supreme Court itself, in a celebrated 1943 case, ruled that school children could not be required to say the Pledge of Allegiance if it violated their conscience to do so; but the court did not conclude that because some children have conscientious objections to the flag salute, schools must discontinue the practice for all children. Only those who object to religious displays are given veto rights under current constitutional law.

The point is worth stressing. Lots of things go on in public schools these days that offend ordinary American parents. The New York City Board of Education provoked a ruckus when it proposed to teach tolerance of gays by getting elementary school students to read works like "Heather Has Two Mommies" (which contains a rather graphic description of how one of those mommies conceived Heather by artificial insemination). But parents who object to this sort of thing are confined to political channels of protest; no court doctrine establishes a general right to protest offensive material in public schools. Similarly, white parents in Prince George's County, Maryland protested the excesses of the public school system's "Afrocentric Curriculum," in which some texts degenerate into anti-white racism. They could not get a day in court for such objections.

The federal courts have not been content with this one-sided vigilance against affronts arising from actual religious expression. In 1982, the Supreme Court ruled in *Pico* v. *School Board* that schools could not even *voluntarily* accommodate objections from religious parents to school practices that offended them. In this case, the court held that removing "offensive" books from school libraries was an impermissible form of censorship. In a 1968 case, the court held that schools could not omit the teaching of evolution theory, since this would endorse the "religious" objections of Bible-believers to evolution theory. When a school board this past October withdrew books on voodoo and witchcraft from school libraries in response to parental complaints—including books explaining how to cast love "spells" or killing "spells"—a federal court ruled this action unconstitutional. A lower court even ruled that one school district had violated the Constitution by banning school dances, since the court found grounds to suspect that the objection to dances was "religious."

After all, then, the issue is not really one of assuring accommodation of differing viewpoints and trying to limit wounded feeling. The issue is essentially one of assuring that public schools remain in the hands of approved liberal secularists. The question is not protected minorities—in most communities, for example, conservative Christians who object to books on witchcraft in school libraries are probably minorities themselves. The issue is assuring that certain privileged minorities get their way, and that others—even when they are the majority—are denied control of school practices.

It may not always be possible to satisfy everyone. If a school prayer amendment removes the federal judiciary from its current role as umpire of cultural etiquette in this area, some families are sure to find the consequences disturbing to their sensibilities. If the most insistently liberal or secularist students find their schools to be intolerably religious or conservative or whatever, they are free to attend private schools more to their liking—which is exactly the advice given to students who sought some acknowledgment of religion in their schools over the past thirty years. Indeed, many and perhaps most conservatives would support some form of government aid to these private liberal havens—as long as the courts would also allow aid to private schools operated under religious auspices.

Even if not finally adopted, a prayer amendment would send a strong signal to the Supreme Court to leave difficult issues such as accommodation of religion to the good sense of accountable officials at the state and local levels. Whatever those officials might do, they are unlikely to offend more people than the federal courts have done. ❐

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Save the Whalers

by David Andrew Price

One morning last January, Arvid Enghaugen, a resident of the Norwegian coastal town of Gressvik, found his whaling boat sitting unusually deep in the water. When he climbed aboard to investigate, he found that the ship was in fact sinking; someone had opened its sea cock and padlocked the engine-room door. After breaking the lock, Enghaugen discovered that the engine was underwater. He also found a calling card from the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society, a small, California-based environmentalist group that specializes in direct actions against whalers. Counting Enghaugen's boat, Sea Shepherd has sunk or damaged eleven Norwegian, Icelandic, Spanish, and Portuguese vessels since 1979.

The boat was repaired in time for the 1994 whaling season, but Enghaugen's problems weren't over. On July 1, while he was looking for whales off the Danish coast, five Greenpeace protesters boarded the ship from an inflatable dinghy and tried to take its harpoon cannon. Enghaugen's crew tossed one protester into the sea, and the rest then jumped overboard; the protesters were picked up by the dinghy and returned to the Greenpeace mother ship.

A week later, after Enghaugen's boat shot a harpoon into a whale, a team from another Greenpeace vessel cut the harpoon line to free the wounded animal. A group again tried to board the whaler, and the crew again threw them off. Enghaugen cut a hole in one of the Greenpeace dinghies with a whale flensing knife. For the next two weeks, Enghaugen and crew were dogged by Greenpeace ships and helicopters.

Although the activists failed to stop Enghaugen's hunt, their public relations war in America has been a different story. Over the past twenty years, the save-the-whales movement has been so successful in shaping public sentiment about the whaling industry that the U.S. and other nations have adopted a worldwide moratorium on whaling. Part of the credit must go to the animals themselves, which are more charismatic on television than Kurds, Bosnians, or Rwandans, who have engendered far less international protection. The movement owes most of its success, however, to the gullibility of Hollywood and the press in passing along bogus claims from whaling's opponents.

The mainstay of the case against whaling—that it threatens an endangered species—is characteristic of the misinformation. It is true that European nations and the United States killed enormous numbers of whales during commercial whaling's heyday in the nineteenth century, but to say that "whales" are endangered is no more meaningful than to say that "birds" are endangered; there are more than seventy species of whales, and their numbers vary dramatically. Some are endangered, some are not. The blue whale, the gray whale, and the humpback were indeed depleted, but those species were later protected by international agreement long before the existence of Greenpeace or Sea Shepherd. (There have been abuses. Alexei V. Yablokov, special adviser to the president of Russia for ecology and health, has revealed that the whaling fleet of the former Soviet Union illegally killed more than 700 protected right whales during the 1960s, but the International Whaling Commission's institution of an observer program in 1972 essentially put an end to the Soviet fleet's illegal activities.)

The only whale species that Enghaugen and his fellow Norwegian whalers hunt is the minke, which Norwegians eat as whale steaks, whale meatballs, and whaleburgers. As it turns out, minke whales are no more in danger of extinction than Angus cattle. In 1994, thirty-two Norwegian boats killed a total of 279 minkes, out of an estimated local population of about 87,000 and a world population of around 900,000.

In 1982 the IWC voted to suspend commercial whaling for a five-year period starting in 1986. The ostensible purpose was to permit the collection of better data on whales before hunting resumed. Norway lodged a reservation exempting itself from the moratorium, as the IWC treaty permitted, but it complied voluntarily.

Whaling nations soon learned, though, that the majority of nations in the IWC—including the United States—intended to maintain the ban indefinitely, no matter what the numbers showed. Canada left the IWC in 1982, and Iceland left in 1992. Norway terminated its voluntary compliance in 1993. To protest the commission's disregard of the facts about whale stocks, the British chairman of the IWC's scientific committee resigned that year, pointing out in his angry letter of resignation that the commission's actions "were nothing to do with science." The IWC continued the moratorium anyway at its next meeting.

A 1993 report by the Congressional Research Service observed that the data on whales undercut the conservationist argument, and that "if the United States

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argues for continuing the moratorium on commercial whaling, it may have to rely increasingly on moral and ethical appeals." The ban on whaling is no longer about conservation, in other words, but about the desire of many Americans and Western Europeans to impose their feelings about whales upon the whaling nations (which include Iceland, Russia, Japan, and the Inuits of Canada and Alaska).

Popular notions of whales' human-like intelligence, often cited by opponents of whaling, have little real support. Whales possess large brains, but that proves nothing about their mental agility. Margaret Klinowska, a Cambridge University expert on cetacean intelligence, holds that the structure of the whale brain has more in common with that of comparatively primitive mammals such as hedgehogs and bats than with the brains of primates.

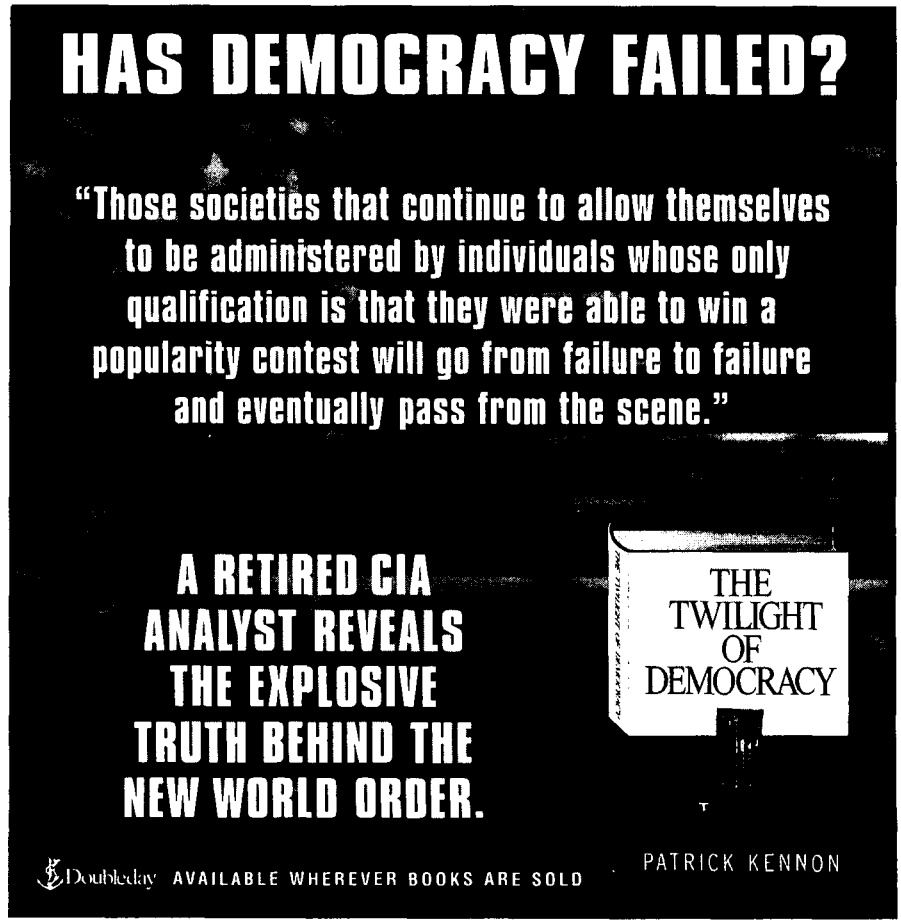
Whales can be trained to perform stunts and other tasks, but so can pigeons and many other animals that have never been credited with the cerebral powers of *homo sapiens*. And the idea that whales have something like a human language is, at present, pure folklore. Like virtually all animals, whales make vocalizations, but there is no evidence that they are uttering Whalish words and sentences. Their famed "singing" is done only by the males, and then during but half the year—a pattern more suggestive of birdsong than human speech.

Much of the popular mythology about cetacean intelligence comes from crank scientist John Lilly, a physician who became convinced in the 1950s that whales and dolphins are not only smarter and more communicative than humans, but also have their own civilizations, complete with philosophy, history, and science that are passed down orally through the generations. His conclusions about the animals' mental skills were based partly on his observations of captive dolphins at his lab in the Virgin Islands, but mainly on wild flights of conjecture. Lilly also predicted in the late seventies that the State Department would eventually negotiate treaties with the cetaceans, and that humanity's progress in its dealings with them would lead the Galactic Coincidence Control Center to send agents to planet Earth to open the way for extraterrestrial contacts with us. The anthropomorphization of the whale reached new heights with a 1993 open letter to the Norwegian people from Sea Shepherd president Paul Watson, who predicted, "The whales will talk about you in the same vein as Jews now talk of Nazis. For in the eyes of whalekind, there is little difference between the behavior of the monsters of the Reich and the monsters behind the harpoon."

Cetacean behavior researchers have rejected Lilly's claims. Dolphin investigator Kenneth Norris of the University of California Santa Cruz, who was among the first to study dolphins in the wild and is responsible for much of our knowledge about dolphin sonar, writes that they have "a complicated animal communication system, yes, but for an abstract syntactic language like ours, no compelling evidence seemed, or seems, to exist." The late David and Melba Caldwell, who studied dolphin behavior at the University of Florida, maintained flatly that "dolphins do not talk." In their view, "dolphins probably are just exceptionally amiable mammals with an intelligence now considered by most workers, on a subjective basis, to be comparable to that of a better-than-average dog."

Louis Herman, director of the University of Hawaii's marine mammal laboratory and an opponent of whaling, has been studying the behavior of captive dolphins since 1967 and of whales in the wild since 1976. Herman says he has seen no evidence that the natural vocalizations of dolphins constitute a language. And for whales? "There's no reason to think the situation would be different with other cetacean species," he answers.

What American policy on whaling enforces is simply a cultural preference—one comparable to our distaste for horsemeat, which is favored in France. The whale-savers have succeeded in shaping policy by selling the idea that whales are different: that they are endangered underwater Einsteins. That's why Icelandic filmmaker Magnus Gudmundsson, who has produced a documentary showing Greenpeace's machinations on the issue, is correct in calling the movement "a massive industry of deception." ❐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Braggarts and Burblers

by John Corry

Obviously, the media know something important happened in the election, and though there is no consensus on just what it was, there is a feeling it was an aberration. Apparently, the voters acted out of anger, caprice, or a desire to get even, and all the wrong people won. The thought was expressed in various ways, although perhaps most imaginatively by Peter Jennings. Network anchors must feign disinterest when they sit at their desks, but when they turn to radio commentary they say what is on their minds. So here is Jennings on radio, expressing a widespread view while explaining how we got into the grim fix we now are all supposed to have gotten into:

> Some thoughts on those angry voters. Ask parents of any two-year-old and they can tell you about those temper tantrums: the stamping feet, the rolling eyes, the screaming. It's clear that the anger controls the child and not the other way around. It's the job of the parent to teach the child to control the anger and channel it in a positive way. Imagine a nation full of uncontrolled two-year-old rage. The voters had a temper tantrum last week. . . . The nation can't be run by an angry two-year-old.

Jennings was likening the electorate to a tantrum-throwing brat; at the same time, the ambiguity of the phrasing may have cloaked a sly allusion to Newt Gingrich. The new Speaker of the House is being widely portrayed as at best a loose cannon. "World News Tonight," Jennings's usual venue, even seems to be experimenting with an equivalent of the Zhirinovsky reports that the press once ran regularly on the mad Russian loudmouth. "Getting used to Gingrich," Jennings said recently, and then viewers saw Gingrich explaining himself on orphanages. The segment, at the end of the broadcast, where ABC usually does kicky little features, suggested that Gingrich, like Zhirinovsky, bears watching. God only knows what the man might do next.

Still, this was mild stuff. Much of the commentary on Gingrich has been exceedingly nasty, and it is clear the White House has been the source for some of it. C-Span showed "Covering Gingrich's Washington," a panel discussion at American University, where one of the participants was Paul Begala. Begala, perhaps the most feckless of Clinton's top aides, chided the press for ignoring the real Newt Gingrich: "a dead-beat dad" who smoked pot and led a "pro-obscenity campaign in college."

In fact, the press has not ignored those matters at all—the pot charge holds up, although the others do not—and Begala, who was unable to shut up, seemed even to embarrass the other panelists. (When Meg Greenfield wrote in *Newsweek* that Clinton ought to "discipline his army of in-house braggarts and burblers," you were pretty sure of at least one of the people she had in mind.) What was most striking about Begala's rant, though, was its openness. White House aides in other administrations have also shoveled dirt on political opponents, but their rule was to not do it publicly. They spoke to reporters quietly, and then the reporters pretended they had dug up the dirt themselves. But Begala's performance indicates that the old rule has been suspended, and that defaming Gingrich is more or less cost-free. Even the *New Yorker* has noted that the "Gingrich divorce papers must be in the hands of every reporter from here to Maui," placed there by what it euphemistically called "the Democratic Party apparatus."

Gingrich has never been a media favorite and probably never will be, although when it seemed inconceivable that he might become Speaker he was at least patronized. The change came in the weeks before the election, and was roughly commensurate with Republican gains in the polls. In early October, for example, *Time* published a balanced profile of Gingrich, jocularly noting that one day he might even be president. By November, though, a foreboding had set in. *Time* ran a picture of Gingrich on its cover, mouth open and snarling, looking like a gauleiter. "Mad As Hell," the headline shouted. "The GOP's Newt Gingrich has perfected the politics of anger." Nonetheless, even at that late date the Speaker's position still seemed out of reach. For as *Time* reported, "though the Republicans can still be expected to score at least 25 seats, their chances for more are clouded." In fact, they won 52 seats, and Newt Gingrich was about to become Speaker.

Pause now to consider the ongoing media analysis of why Republicans did so well, and Democrats so poorly. Apparently, it had less to do with the rejection of liberalism than you might think. Voter anger, inchoate and half-baked (see Jennings), was frequently mentioned. The economy was, too. Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* bravely tied them together: "What are the reasons for the extraordinary anger directed at Democratic incumbents right across the country? I believe it is first of all a matter of economics." This was a nice try, even if Lewis did go on to say that "the Reaganesque notion that lower taxes will produce higher revenues . . . proved to be a fantasy." Revenues rose, of course, after Reagan cut taxes.

The *Times* itself showed a sprightly imagination, or an outer-space influence, when, in a lead editorial, it attributed the Democratic debacle to George Mitchell and

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Tom Foley, and those of their colleagues who "placed loyalty to them above cooperation with the White House or public demands for Congressional and campaign finance reform." The "CBS Evening News" thought it over, and eventually reported that the election was, "for the most part, a white male revolution." It seems that "the white male feels threatened," and so he voted the Democrats out. The *New Republic*, however, went for a more sophisticated explanation, and splashed it all over its cover: "If President Clinton had pushed for welfare reform rather than health care reform in 1994, we would now be talking about a great Democratic realignment, rather than a great Republican realignment."

Implicit in all the analysis was the notion that Clinton had damaged the Democrats, although exactly how he had done this was unclear. He seemed to have waffled on issues, and shown no core principles, but this was seen more as a matter of political indecisiveness than a character flaw. Clinton's failings as a man—womanizer, draft-dodger, and Whitewater grifter—were never cited as reasons why voters might distrust or dislike him. When Jesse Helms replied to Fred Barnes's question on CNN's "Evans & Novak," about whether he thought Clinton was a capable commander-in-chief, "No, I do not, and neither do the people in the armed forces," he was surely closer to the national consensus than the prominent editorialists who make their livings by pondering these things. ("Senator Jesse Helms is out of control," the *Times* said sternly a few days later, and told Bob Dole to dump him as Foreign Relations Committee chairman.) Clinton the man became an abstraction, explained away or ignored, while other reasons were sought for the voters' disaffection. "His name won't be on the ballot tomorrow, but the election is about Bill Clinton," Cokie Roberts said on "Nightline." However, after the size of the Democratic defeat became clear, Ted Koppel asked Tony Coehlo, also on "Nightline," whether the vote might be part of the "cycle of frustration that has the American voter every two years throwing out whoever is in?" Actually, the voters threw out only the Democrats who were in, and there is no two-year cycle of frustration, but inventing one was more pleasant than talking about Clinton.

Meanwhile, the election did give some commentators second thoughts. They realized they were behind the curve, and that only strong measures could save them. Jonathan Alter, one of *Newsweek*'s liberal apologists, waited a few weeks, and then wrote a column denouncing big government. "All over the world," he said approvingly, "the state is under assault from individuals exercising their right to have more control over their own lives." Lance Morrow of *Time* was even bolder. The liberal essayist has often been charged with obscurantism, but this time he was clear: Affirmative action is a hoax and a delusion. Morrow confirmed it with a neat little story: "A liberal icon teaching at Harvard whispered to me one day, 'Affirmative action poisons the university for everyone. The students, both black and white, know it is crooked. The professor knows it is crooked. You cannot teach in these circumstances.'" Morrow did not say when the liberal icon had whispered this, or why he was passing it on to us now, although it seems likely he was responding to the election. Liberals lost, conservatives won; smart columnists know that what once was inexpressible may now be expressed. They also can jump on a bandwagon.

Nonetheless, there are still limits. Liberal columnists are absolved of base motives in advance, while conservative politicians stay suspect. The press may insist it is not holding Newt Gingrich to a higher standard than it does anyone else, but it starts with the loose cannon assumption and then follows up accordingly. Recall Gingrich's statement about White House aides and drugs, which he made in response to a question on NBC's "Meet the Press." Tim Russert asked, "Why are Bill Clinton and Hillary Clinton members of the counterculture?" (Gingrich previously had described the Clintons as "counterculture McGoverniks," which they are, although he probably ought to have used the more polite word "McGovernites.")

Gingrich said, as part of his answer, "I had a senior law-enforcement official tell me that, in his judgment, up to a quarter of the White House staff, when they first came in, had used drugs in the last four or five years."

This was not a remarkable statement. Besides, another Republican congressman, Frank Wolf of Virginia, had said much the same thing last summer. Nonetheless, the news broadcasts that Sunday night were all full of Gingrich's supposedly shocking charge, and so were the news shows Monday morning. The *Washington Post* made it its lead page-one story, and even on Monday night both CBS and NBC still had it at the top of their broadcasts. "What next?" Tom Brokaw said archly, while transforming Gingrich's assertion about what a law-enforcement officer had said into "Gingrich's claim that a quarter of the White House staff used drugs." The following night NBC ran a "Reality Check." Lisa Myers reported that even if Gingrich had been right in mentioning the 25 percent figure, he had been way off when he said four or five years.

None of this, though, was terribly earnest. The drug stories were bloodless attacks on Gingrich by what he off-handedly and routinely dismisses as the "elite media." Other attacks had more style: for example, a whole series of *Times* editorials under catchy titles—"Newt Gingrich, Authoritarian," "Good and Bad Gingrich," "Partying With Newt," and so on—that at least showed the *Times* was serious. Other publications were simply nasty. The *Wall Street Journal* could hardly contain itself. The day after the election it had an uncomplimentary profile of Gingrich on page one. The day after that it ran a column by Al Hunt, who wrote that Gingrich actually believes he has enemies in the press "out to get him." Hunt also wrote, only one paragraph later, "There are numerous former top Gingrich associates eager to publicly discuss details about the congressman's past that they claim are at odds with his public pronouncements."

Hunt, a self-conscious Washington insider, must have talked to Paul Begala. The "former top Gingrich associates" obviously had dirt to spill. Indeed, much of it would slop over to the *New Yorker*, which advertises itself as America's best magazine, and maybe "the best magazine ever." It published an article by David Remnick, who once distinguished himself with the book *Lenin's Tomb*, but was unable to rise above spite when he wrote about Gingrich. The new Speaker, according to Remnick, has no redeeming qualities at all. He is mean-spirited and hypocritical, a huckster and con-man—"the libertine in prig's clothing, Elmer Gantry in Congress." It was hard to know what to make of all this except that the *New Yorker* was terribly upset because all the wrong people had won, and one of them had the gall to become Speaker. ❐

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Half-Century City

by Benjamin J. Stein

Monday

Here I am in Baltimore, Maryland. It's nighttime. I'm staying at the wonderful Stouffer Harborplace. My room looks out on the harbor and a giant aquarium and some big ships. I like Baltimore. It's got a homey, friendly feeling about it. My mother went to college here for a time, at a place called Goucher. I, as a high school student in nearby Silver Spring, used to come here to the Gayetey Burlesque house and watch the strippers and the comedians. The last time I came here it was with Ace Warren, now a law professor at Harvard; Bill Silverman, now a major lawyer in D.C.; Jim Thompson, whose whereabouts I do not know; and Barry Walker, a businessman in Palm Beach. I recall that we got horribly lost and someone hid my keys when I left the car to ask directions at a gas station.

I still remember how furious I was. Teasing is really a cruel thing that young people do to one another. In particular right now, I'm remembering how a boy in junior high school, at a hellhole called Montgomery Hills, used to tease me because my real first name is Jeremy. He would call me "Jeremiah," and for some reason that drove me absolutely crazy. Even today I get uneasy when people use that name. Now that I think of it, all anyone did in junior high was tease. Wow, it's hard being a kid. You're so sensitive, and you can't take anti-depressants or anything.

Anyway, for some reason, this is all coming to me as I stroll along the pier in Baltimore at night in a fine mist. It's a warm evening, and there are knots of kids out and about, shopping, eating, laughing, and yes, probably teasing each other. Every so often, one of the kids says "Bueller, Bueller," and I smile obligingly.

I went into a crab restaurant called "Phillips" and ordered two crabcakes. Every time I do this, I'm aware that someday a doctor will tell me that I have eaten my last crabcake. But for now, I love them. My waitress was a German woman. After she took my order, some of the other waiters whispered to her. She came back and said, "I am very sorry. I did not know you were a TV star. If I had, I would have behaved more respectfully. You must excuse me. I am from a foreign country."

This is getting ridiculous. "I'm not a star," I assured her. "I'm the lowest on the Hollywood food chain, a character actor, well known, but no star. Only a freak of nature."

The crabcakes were delicious. Afterwards, I bought a cinnamon roll (another sin against correct eating) at a cinnamon-roll stand. The young woman who served it to me looked like a child. "Are you a child or an adult?" I asked.

"I'm 20," the woman said. "But the people in my family all look very young until they die. That's because they're all alcoholics. My father is the worst, really bad. I sometimes worry I'm going to go the same way."

The cinnamon roll was stale, too, but I only discovered that after I got back to my room and was preparing for bed. Before I sleep, I usually have a snack, call every single person I have ever known, say many prayers, carefully read the *Wall Street Journal*, and then listen to Bob Dylan's "Idiot Wind" on my Walkman.

Then, to sleep, to dream of how much fun I'm going to have tomorrow when I do my commercials for WMAR, the local TV station that's shifting from CBS to ABC. Having me do five commercials in two days—which is my task—is like asking me to eat five crabcakes in two days.

Tuesday

Here I am, on the set in a remote corner of Baltimore. It's humming. There are lighting people, sound people, a hip-looking director named John Parlato, a pretty and capable producer named Claire Hartman, and a great—super-great—makeup-and-costume woman named Terry, and everyone has a sort of a Maryland accent, a Tidewater slurring of consonants. Terry has actually brought sheets and blankets so that I can take a nap on the tiny fold-out chair in my tiny dressing room. I love the feeling of being taken care of.

My first scene is set in a chemistry lab (surprise!). It has me watching a Bunsen burner brew

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coffee while at the same time talking about how important it is to get your early news from WMAR.

The script woman, a beautiful young thing, inspects some prop chemicals nearby and tells me in a soft voice, "When I was in high school, I helped my teacher clean out the chemistry closet. There was a can of arsenic powder. I brought it home and showed it to my father. I told him that if he didn't start acting better, I was going to poison him."

"How did he take the news?"

"He was quite calm about it," the script woman said. "But then he died not long afterwards and I always felt bad about it."

"I see," I said. Baltimore—City of Shared Confidences. I couldn't wait to hear what the sound men and gaffers were going to tell me.

I love just listening to the voices of my colleagues. They remind me of growing up in safe little Silver Spring. Where I could ride a bike into town at the age of eight, and my parents were sure I would be safe. Where there was never violence worse than a fistfight. Where there was not one divorced family on my street. Where it was assumed that you would do the best you could in school, to justify the hard work your grandparents and parents had put into becoming middle-class Americans.

As I watched the sets getting shifted about, I thought of a basic notion: wherever I go, people older than 25 talk about *how it used to be.* I sometimes think that the whole reason the Republicans won by such a landslide is simply that Americans are saying, "Make it like it used to be. Do what it takes, but make America safe again. The Democrats have shown that they can't or won't do it, so now you Republicans will have a shot. After that, it's just every man for himself."

Wednesday

Up at the crack of dawn at the fabulous Stouffer, where a smiling man brought me my *Wall Street Journal*, my bacon (yet more forbidden fruit), and a grapefruit (which is very acceptable fruit). I got dressed and went to meet my driver, a young, well-spoken assistant director who was also a restaurateur, and roared off to the set. I have gotten to love being in Baltimore, a city that's really a very friendly large small town.

On the way to the set, the driver told me about his Persian girlfriend (I love Persians), about his ambitions to move to L.A. and become a director, about his car with 140,000 miles on it. We were close to running out of gasoline. That prompted me to tell him that I was going to be 50 in a few days. It didn't really seem to make much of an impression on him. He is only 29 or something equally ridiculously young, so what could he know about being 50?

The life on the set was even better today. I had a simply perfect Sloppy Joe made by a mother-daughter team of caterers. It was completely lean and delicious. I could barely stop eating it. Simple food made by loving, caring hands. It brought tears to my eyes. I love this life. I don't want to get old. I don't want to leave this world, not ever.

In the afternoon, I got to do a scene with a woman in which I play a soap opera character talking to another soap opera character about the new soaps on WMAR.

I got to hold the woman in my arms, sweep her off her feet, and even got to say my favorite soap line, "Quiet, Vicki. There's . . . no time for that now." This is a line I learned from listening to Bob and Ray, those two perfect geniuses of radio back in my youth. How I laughed at their acts, especially the dramatic actress "Nattily Attired," and their imitation of Edward R. Murrow. Anyway, I inserted the "Quiet, Vicki" line, and the audience *loved* it. I guess I'm just a big fat ham actor. It's valuable to know who you are.

We finished doing our thing, and started on our still pictures (I told you this was a fairly big campaign), and the producer, wonderful Claire Hartman, pulled me over and said she had to talk to me about something. There she was with a beautiful birthday cake she and John Parlato, the director, and Neil Potts, the crafts services man, had bought for me.

This time I really started to sob, so I had to hide in my dressing room and calm down. People here are so kind.

Thursday

Thanksgiving dinner with my Ma and Pa at the Cosmos Club. Yummy turkey and stuffing and cranberry sauce. Lots of people eating their meals with their grandchildren and chil-

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dren. Out the window, over Massachusetts Avenue, the spindly branches of November.

My parents and I talk mostly about what great hopes we have for the new Congress, and what sobering realities the Congress faces. Yes, one branch of government is in Republican hands, but there's still the Executive, the fourth estate, the academy, all in the firm grasp of people who basically like to make trouble for normal people.

Plus there is a lot of sadness in the land. Gangs. Drugs. Violence. In a way, there is a civil war going on. My own feeling is that we should have a huge tax *increase* to pay for a real war on crime. I pay a ton of property tax, but I would cheerfully pay more to get more cops on the street and more prisons and more courts. Most important, I would love to have some appreciation of the police and how hard their jobs are. I think police should be paid as much as actors. And get as much appreciation.

There are all too many people in this country who lead extremely disorganized, spiritually empty lives. As I get older, I become more and more convinced that the problem of disorganization in human life is overwhelming. Why are our cities so depressed and violent? Because kids out of school do not organize their lives to work or save or have security. But how can a kid brought up with gunfire and rats and a mother on drugs ever get any organization in his life?

Spiritual means, that's the only way. I often think that if instead of the Supreme Court making prayer illegal, it had made prayer mandatory, we would be in far better shape. Maybe that should be the constitutional amendment: make prayer compulsory. Forget the atheists. They'll never be satisfied anyway. Anyway, let it start with me. Thank you, God, for having such good friends in Baltimore and for letting me spend one more year with my parents. And for my little angel and my big wifey and my dogs and my wonderful sister.

Friday

My birthday. I am 50. Wow. The first thing I did was study a list I had asked my father to prepare for me. In his usual understated way—he is an economist, after all, not a circus barker—he entitled his list "Advice from H. Stein to B. Stein on his 50th Birthday." It came from his brain and his word processor and his dot-matrix printer (because he's the kind of guy who does not just run out and buy a laser jet just because everyone else has one):

(1) (This one I learned from you.) Do not fight over small matters with the ones you love.
(2) Keep high aspirations, moderate expectations, and small needs.
(3) Liquid assets equals freedom.
(4) Invest in your health.
(5) Don't fight on every street corner.
(6) Be open to appreciate history's legacy of beautiful things.
(7) If I am not for myself, who will be? If I am only for myself, what am I?
(8) Do your best and don't worry and don't feel guilty. You are not God.
(9) It is good to be a member of a team but not only a member of a team.
(10) The nuclear family (spouse and children) is invaluable.

I like this advice a lot—except the part about not spending money. Anyway, my mother had already given me some really fine advice: "When we buy stock, we hope for the best, don't expect a lot, and don't cry if it goes down, and that goes for everything in life."

After thinking about that, I went back to bed and slept for a long time. The great guru of free-market economics, Frank Knight of the University of Chicago, had a maxim: Never waste any time you could spend sleeping. Sound advice. He also said (and he was a smart guy), "I wonder how long it will be before doctors cure more people than they kill." He also had a word of advice that explains much of modern behavior. "Accept all subsidies."

I have my own adages for middle age, including the vital advice that when time in this earthly life becomes short(er), then it's time to start thinking about the next life. The way to do that is exactly the way to get through this life: Accept God's will. Attempt to do His will. Don't hurt people. Help people. Share God's gifts, and try to live by the Commandments He laid down a very long time ago.

You wouldn't know it, but I'm really a religious maniac.

In the afternoon, I had a visit from Hilda, the nice woman who had a baby to help make it up to her mother that her brother was killed by the Nazis. Hilda has come upon a difficult patch. It turns out that the baby was not fathered by the man she thought, but by the man she had an affair with about the same time she was having the insemination. That was very careless of her (and goes back to what I was saying about people being excessively disorganized and paying for it). It now turns out that the real father wants nothing to do with his baby.

What an idiot. The whole subject makes my head spin. How stupid can a man be to not want to spend time with his child? It's not just selfish and mean and anti-social—it's self-defeating. Nothing on earth can give you the self-esteem that spending time with your kids does. Nothing makes you happier than when your son asks you to tell him a story. There is no Mercedes so shining as the look in your boy's eyes when he sees you walk in the door and hurls himself into your arms, clutching at you for dear life, and all the while saying, "Let me go, daddy." He grabs tighter to your lapels and says, "Put me down, you big daddy." There is no stock that can make your heart pound like watching your boy's eyes widen and glow as he sees you walk up to pick him up from school. There is no touch that means as much as when your little boy reflexively takes your hand when he comes to the street corner. There is no praise from Caesar that matches hearing your little

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boy use the same phrases you use. "Can you believe that, Daddy? That man just opened his door when cars were driving by on a busy street. How stupid can you get?"

My friend Irving Kristol likes to write about how important fathers are to children, and he's totally right. But the real point is just how vital children are to parents, and how desperately vital kids are to their fathers. I really think I never had a clue what it meant to be a man until I had Tommy.

Off to dinner with Alex and a group of people for my birthday. At Morton's. There were Al and Sally, my wonderful producer/sociologist pals who are great buds of Newt Gingrich through Al Toffler; Jim Bellows, my great editor at the *Herald Examiner*, and his beautiful wife, Kevin; Michael Chinich, who made me almost a movie star, and his ace cook wife, Mottie; and Sid Dauman, a plutocrat/artist and his wife, Leslie, an actress; and gorgeous Juliette Capretta; and devoted, genius salesman Barron Thomas; my super agent and guardian, Marcia Hurwitz, and her musician hubby, Richard. At a neighboring table, but not part of our group, was Seinfeld, and then at another table Ted Forstmann, probably one of the only people that Seinfeld envies. They both wished me happy birthday.

Alex had bought me a sort of Caligari-esque birthday cake. I blew out the candles and prayed for peace, as I always have done.

Then, I went home, and thought of my Trixie. A reader from the Midwest wrote me a letter asking how long it took to get over losing a dog that you really love. I think the answer is never.

I took Ginger, the beautiful substitute dog, the best present I ever got from Alex, for a walk. I noticed that the lobby of our building was graced with a lovely Thai woman who was the concierge. I talked to her for a long time. She's also a single mom. Her husband abandoned her. She has a nine-year-old son who loves to play video games. (Do any kids not love to play video games?) She and her boy have been living in her car, which is itself long overdue as a rental from a rent-a-car company. Disorder. Chaos. My father told me a few years ago: live prudently. God, it makes sense.

Friday

I'm in New York. I flew in last night, business class, on American Airlines. I was sitting behind an English couple who looked as if they were having a nervous breakdown. The wife actually pulled aside a stewardess to complain that "It's disgusting that business class has to use the same loos as coach. Those people are *dirty*."

I'm staying in a tiny, clean room at the National Republican Women's Club. Manhattan is packed to the gills with shoppers and visitors, and it was the only place I could find. But I love my room. It's cheap and clean, and right across from Rockefeller Center. I heard revelers and merrymakers passing by all night long. I was wrong—as I so often am—to speak so badly about New York last summer. At Christmastime, it's a treat.

Lunch with my wonderful pal Lothar, a well-to-do Englishman whom I met years ago at a party of wealthy people where I did not belong. He's a brilliant surgeon who works now as a fashion designer under an assumed name, which happens to be a woman's. He's a very smart guy who really could have done anything. Right now, even though he's making money at fashion design, he wants to write a novel. We worked our way through a fine meal at Michael's, a publishing hangout on 55th Street where Bob Tyrrell used to eat years ago when it was the Italian Pavilion.

"I have an idea for a novel," he said. "It's about a man who was a student at Eton years ago and was caned by a poor boy from a Welsh coal-mining family who was at Eton on a scholarship. The whole thing was that the Welsh boy caught the boy from an old English family in flagrante delicto with another boy from a wealthy family, and he had them both caned for poor attitude.

"Now it's forty years or thirty years later, and the well-to-do boy is a famous writer, but he's dying of cancer, so he decides to murder the Welsh boy who humiliated him all those years ago. Only the Welsh boy is now a famous judge, a Q.C., in London. What do you think?"

"Great story," I said. "Filled with possibilities."

"I won't say who it's patterned after," he said, raising his eyebrows suggestively. "Let's just say I know the principals."

He had several glasses of wine at lunch and then a port with coffee, and

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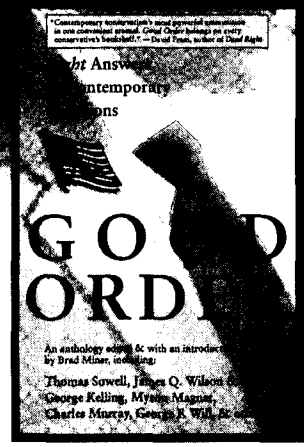

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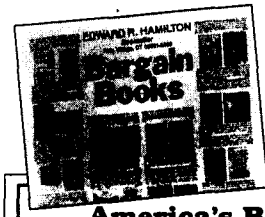

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was happily buzzed as we walked back toward the Rockefeller Center. Wow. I have a lot of friends who drink heavily. I think maybe it's me who's out of step for *not* drinking. Very often, they're extremely amusing folks. Maybe I am missing something.

After a nap, off to my sister Rachel's apartment in Brooklyn Heights, to attend a lavish party she's giving in my honor on my fiftieth. She's a great sister. She did the single kindest act anyone ever did for me until I met my wife. When I was a junior in high school (speaking of drinking) I came home drunk for the first time in my life. I was not used to drink, so I fell asleep and then awakened, barfing madly.

My parents were so understandably angry at me and unhelpful. My sister, who was home from college on vacation, I think, wordlessly came in, cleaned up, and allowed me to go to sleep on clean linens. That was a miracle of human decency. I don't blame my parents either, as I think of how I would feel if Little Perfect came home drunk, as he surely will one fine day.

Anyway, this same saintly woman, my sister, is having a party for me. Many pals from the New York area are there, plus Lothar, who has flown up from Nassau, where he lives. I arrived by subway with my dear friend Ona, who came up from Philadelphia. The subway was and is immaculate compared with how it was when I was living in New York twenty years ago. At least something has improved.

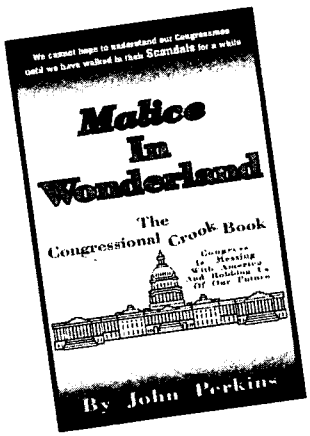
At the party was my hero, Peter M. Flanigan, Navy flier, investment banker, former Nixon aide, and mover, who got me started as a White House writer years ago for RN. Also Lowell Harriss, my fabulously good college econ teacher and a U. of Chicago classmate of my parents. There was Larry Lissitzyn, a Vietnam war hero and friend of Larry Jekyll, another war hero; Susan Sgarlat, who introduced me to my college girlfriend, the unforgiving Mary Just, who's now a big pal of Hillary; Billy Farhood, a high school friend who's now a shrink; my editor from *Barron's*, the unbelievably witty Jim Meagher; my fabled editor from the *Wall Street Journal*, Bob Bartley, one of the most influential men in America and one of five people who shaped the new political landscape; my old law-school pal, Roz Fink, a real character; the ineffably kind Peter Bloch, my editor from a man's magazine called *Penthouse*, where I contribute about how to be successful and live without stress killing you; my dear buddy, Joel Block; my agent, Lois Wallace, a good person to have on your side; and most of all, my *sœur* and her husband, world's hardest working, most devoted family man, Melvin, and their two brilliant kids, Jonathan and Emily.

I felt euphoric. I was in the bosom of friends and family who had known me all of my life. It amazes me that I've been in L.A. for more than eighteen years and still don't have nearly as many friends as I do in the east. I think I have more friends in Sandpoint, Idaho, than I do in L.A. Anyway, no point in making comparisons. I'm just not a Hollywood kind of guy. I'm an Idaho/Brooklyn Heights/Washington, D.C./Arlington, Virginia/Silver Spring and Baltimore, Maryland kind of guy.

I wandered from person to person and caught up on life. This one has just gotten divorced and is broke. That one is divorced but has a nice boyfriend. Another is making more money gambling than he ever did working. Still another one has jokes about Ireland. By and large they can talk and listen to other people talk. They don't look insane with ambition and anxiety. They all, without exception, look as if they give something of a damn about other people. This is not a Hollywood group. In Hollywood, self-obsession and nurture of the fractured self are what life's all about. That allows very little room for interest in others.

After the party, Lothar and I took a cab back to Rockefeller Center. I made some drug addicts near my room be quiet. They complied sullenly and said Happy Hanukkah in a weird voice. I guess that's an anti-Semitic thing. Then we walked around Rockefeller Center and then to the China Grill and then back to the Republican Women's Club. I noticed another group of obviously not Jewish kids shouting Happy Hanukkah in drunken voices. I guess that's all an anti-Semitic thing, but maybe not.

I went to sleep very happy. Yes, there is the Russian mafia. Yes, there is random killing all over America. Yes, I am 50. But it's safe and secure at the Republican Women's Club, and I have family and friends. And what a great sister I have. ❐



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Whipped Into Shape

by Grover G. Norquist

In the early 1980s, Newt Gingrich organized the Conservative Opportunity Society to promote his vision of an alternative to the liberal welfare state. House Republican leaders, who for years had been collaborating with the Democratic leadership in return for pieces of the pork barrel for their districts, were uncomfortable with Gingrich. They viewed him (and fellow travelers like Bob Walker of Pennsylvania) as a "gadfly" and "bomb-thrower" for challenging the feudal hierarchy of Congress. Roughly a decade later, the Republican caucus has unanimously elected Gingrich to be Speaker of the House, and voted Dick Armey in as majority leader.

For the 139 Republican newcomers elected in 1990, 1992, and 1994, the team of Gingrich and Armey seemed a natural choice. But for pre-Reagan Republican "old bulls," as well as other members of Washington's establishment elite, the ascension of this dynamic pair has turned the world upside down. What was once thought impossible—and intolerable—has come to pass.

After Dick Cheney resigned as Republican whip in 1989 to replace rejected defense secretary nominee John Tower, Gingrich announced he would run for the number two Republican leadership slot. Gingrich had the backing then of both conservative activists and "moderate" Republicans such as Steve Gunderson and Olympia Snowe, who liked his aggressive style. The entrenched Republican network, led by Bob Michel, campaigned hard against Newt in favor of Ed Madigan of Illinois. As Vin Weber, then Gingrich's campaign manager, says, "It is sobering to remember that the decision that guided the last five years of the Republican Party and brought Republican control of the House of Representatives was won by a two-vote margin: Newt defeated Ed Madigan, 87-85."

Gingrich won re-election as whip in 1990 unanimously, but activist conservative control of the House leadership wasn't assured until 1992, when Armey defeated Jerry Lewis of California for the leadership position of conference chairman. Armey's margin of victory was similarly slim—he bested Lewis, 88-84.

Two years ago, Michel was told that if he didn't retire, Gingrich would challenge him for the leadership position. Michel realized that the increasing number of younger, post-Reagan Republican congressmen spelled the end of his reign. He announced his retirement, and within days, Gingrich had won majority support and become the presumptive leader.

An equally important (if underappreciated) fight for the soul of the Republican Party has occurred in the contest for Senate whip between incumbent Alan Simpson of Wyoming and Trent Lott of Mississippi. Lott's one-vote, 27-26 win on December 2 was as radical in its implications as Gingrich's 1989 victory. Trent Lott is now Republican heir apparent, and his triumph is a repudiation of Bob Dole's vision of the party.

Dole chose to make the race for whip into a showdown. Although personally not that close to Simpson, Dole lobbied hard for his election, twisting arms and threatening incoming freshmen, demanding loyalty on this vote in return for recent campaign support.

Simpson has been particularly hostile to pro-family conservatives, leading many to see him as a William Weld–style social liberal and fiscal conservative. But Simpson hasn't been a friend of taxpayers or the free market. In 1965 he argued unsuccessfully for repealing Wyoming's right-to-work law. He has not only refused to make a commitment against income taxes, in 1990 he also tried to stop then–congressional candidate Craig Thomas from taking an anti-tax pledge on the grounds that the door should always be left open to higher taxes. Simpson, of course, was a cheerleader in 1990 for the Bush tax hike. As one Senate aide has observed, "Some people who watch C-Span think Al Simpson is conservative because he was supposedly nasty to Anita Hill. Not so—he's nasty to everyone."

Lott supporters believe he would have garnered as many as 35 votes if Dole hadn't weighed in behind Simpson. In any case, Lott's victory signals more than a conservative ideological majority and a willingness to confront the present leadership; it also amounts to an endorsement of a more aggressive challenge to Democrats and the status quo. The win also signals a strengthening of ties between Senate leadership and grassroots conservative groups.

One Lott supporter said that the best way to characterize his victory was that it proved Senate Republicans had embraced the activist agenda outlined in the Contract With America. If Dole had wanted to support the contract, and had truly desired to fight aggressively for the conservative agenda, he couldn't have asked for a better lieutenant than Lott. Instead, he backed Simpson, who would not understand how to play that role. It leaves many in Washington wondering what Dole planned to do about the contract—which voters expect him as a Republican leader to embrace.

Dole's 1996 presidential chances have been heavily damaged by Lott's victory.

Grover G. Norquist is president of Americans for Tax Reform.

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In addition to having backed the wrong horse, Dole now finds himself in a difficult position: when he leaves Washington to fund-raise or campaign, he can't count on having a whip on the Hill who'll give him unquestioned loyalty.

These crucial leadership elections revealed much else about the 104th Congress. Despite tremendous pressure from Arlen Specter, Pennsylvania's incoming freshman Rick Santorum voted for Lott. Term-limits advocates, who have been counting on Tennessee's Fred Thompson to buck the system for their cause, shuddered when Thompson, after heavy lobbying by Howard Baker, cast his vote for Simpson and the status quo. (Thompson's vote may be one reason Dole named him to deliver the GOP response to President Clinton's "Bill of Rights" speech of December 15.)

Conservatives who worked hard to elect fellow activist Spence Abraham from Michigan were stunned when he threw his support behind Simpson—all because Lott had supported fellow Mississippian Haley Barbour, rather than Abraham, in the 1993 contest for the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. By contrast, Kay Bailey Hutchison, whose commitment to conservative activism had been questioned by some, voted for Lott. So did Dick Shelby, the former Democrat from Alabama who switched parties after the election, and with this vote let everyone know he aimed to join an aggressive party.

Tom DeLay of Texas won the race for House Republican whip, defeating both Bob Walker and Bill McCullom of Florida on the first ballot. DeLay tallied 119 votes to Walker's 80 and McCullom's 28. All three are strong conservatives whose election would have validated the Gingrich-Armey leadership, but DeLay was perceived as having given more time, money, and staff support to help elect Republicans to the House. Although Gingrich announced his support for Walker, to whom he is close personally, unlike Dole he did not pressure freshmen to use their votes as a demonstration of fealty (even though DeLay in 1989 had supported Ed Madigan for whip). In the race for conference chairman, John Boehner of Ohio defeated Duncan Hunter of California, 122-102. Boehner's election was a victory for activism and a repudiation of Hunter's anti–free-trade obsession of the past two years.

Ted Stevens of Alaska challenged John Warner of Virginia for the post of Rules Committee chairman, with each man arguing that, according to the complicated seniority rules, he should get the slot. Stevens won handily, 39-13, but seniority was not the issue; party loyalty was. Republicans did not trust Warner, who had opposed recent GOP nominees in Warner's state—Mike Farris, 1993 candidate for lieutenant governor, and Ollie North. Every Republican senator remembered that Warner's betrayal of North could have cost Republicans a Senate majority.

Finally, a cultural shift of sorts has occurred among congressional Republicans: the results of these leadership races signal the end of pork-barrel politics. A politics-as-usual approach would not have countenanced the election of two members of a single state delegation—Texans Armey and DeLay (and, for that matter, Mississippians Lott and Thad Cochran, the latter now Senate GOP conference chairman)—to leadership positions. Republicans have more in mind these days than the funneling of pork into their districts.

Meanwhile, on the Democratic side of the aisle, the House leadership elections were yet another phony tiff between "conservative Democrats" and the party's liberal leadership. Charlie Stenholm of Texas made the customary complaints that the Democratic Party is too liberal, and challenged David Bonior for minority whip, while Charlie Rose of North Carolina challenged Richard Gephardt for the party leadership. Their loss showed yet again that the conservative wing of the party is without influence or respect. Stenholm and Rose both championed the Clinton tax-and-spend explosion, and in running as a conservative alternative to Gephardt and Bonior, they demonstrated that the Democratic Party is as solidly left-wing as House Republicans are Reaganite. Both Stenholm and Rose faced strong challenges in the midterm elections and can expect close races in 1996. Look for more posturing, as both attempt to separate themselves from the Democratic leadership they have served so loyally. ❒

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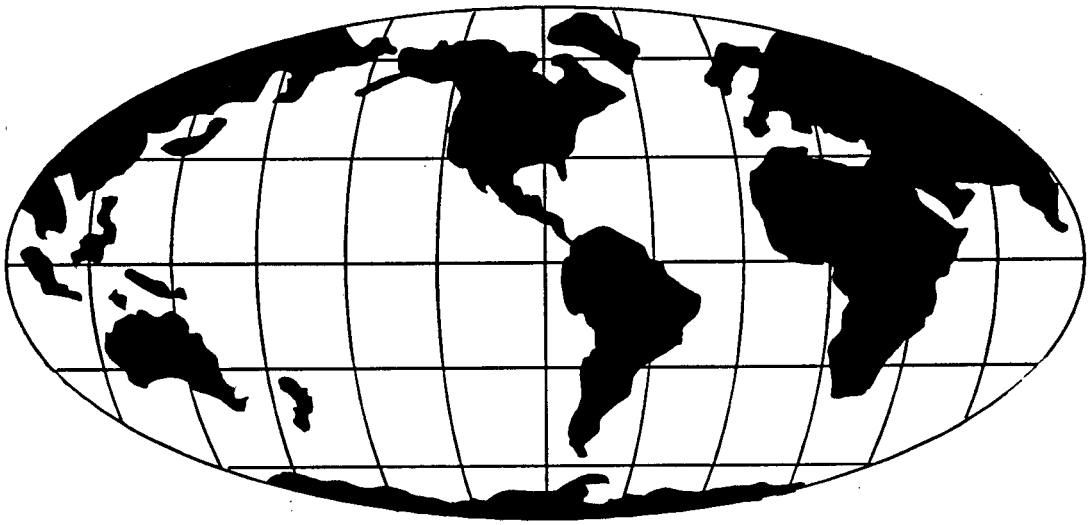

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Ghose Slow

by Edward Conlon

The Grand Concourse in the Bronx is broad and tree-lined, eight stately lanes bordered by art deco and *art moderne* apartment houses. Modeled after Park Avenue, which sought to re-create the boulevards of Paris, it was to be the *Champs de la Bronx*. And it is, in its way. Its daunting breadth, coupled with the haste of its motorists, has made it the most dangerous thoroughfare in the borough, with thirteen fatalities in one recent year. The Progressive Driving School shares a block on the Concourse with a Pentecostal church and the Ascot Theatre (*"First Run Bronx Porno!"*), and, so situated, it links concerns of this world and the next. Concepts such as "right of way" have a metaphysical tinge there, especially when illuminated by D.N. Ghose.

On a recent evening, Mr. Ghose—a dark-skinned, potbellied man in an ivory shirt and gold-rimmed glasses—taught the DMV-mandated, five-hour driver-education class to a half-dozen putative motorists. His method was Socratic, a feisty give-and-take bolstered by short homilies and vivid, onomatopoeic outbursts that might have illustrated a car crash, the high spirits of teenagers ("Hey! Ay Ay Ay Ay! You come here! Ay Ay Ay!"), or the music which inspires them ("Dun! Dun! Dun! Dun!"). His heavily Hindi-inflected speech provoked a rondo of "What?" and "Please repeat that" throughout the class, and he made similar requests of his students, whose English stretched elastically from West Africa to San Juan.

"Who is the perfect driver?" he asked. "The man in the traffic court, he speeds, runs through red lights? Summons for fifty and two hundred dollars? Number two, the cop? He rides through red light, too! Number three, the driving instructor, who knows the rules? Number four, the Pope? The Pope of the Catholic Church?"

There was a pause before a young black woman named Natasha said somewhat sternly, "Nobody is."

"No one is the perfect driver," agreed Mr. Ghose, with a smile and a fatalistic shrug. "Maybe when you are dead."

When Mr. Ghose sought to explain how much distance a car moving 30 mph needs to come to a halt, tempers in the class nearly flared. "How many yards are there in a mile?" he asked. "The current figure." An estimate of seventeen hundred was insufficiently exact, and he invited a dozen guesses (here, the Socratic method seemed less apt) before announcing the answer was 1,760. There was laughter from all but Natasha as he insisted that in the event of a sudden stop, some calculation was necessary. He wrote on a markerboard:

$$\frac{30 \times 1760 \times 3}{1 \times 60 \times 60}$$

He then laboriously took the class through the equation to show that the car moved at forty-four feet per second.

"If I have to stop in an emergency, I am not going to start doing math problems," said Natasha.

"This is not what I want, this is not a lecture I want to give!" he exclaimed, somewhat heatedly. "It is what is required by the Department of Motor Vehicles! You must do this!"

"I don't think you get my point."

"Remember this from today! It is, it is important!"

As the interrogation continued, other personalities began to emerge. A bone-thin Rastafarian with his hair tied up in a red turban seemed sleepily uninterested in the class until he was asked how to escape collision in an intersection. He sat up as if electrified, bobbing and weaving, eyes darting back and forth: "The quick re-*flexes*, man! You be watching! It is the quick re-*flexes!*" Clearly, they had served him well before.

"Strong emotion is prohibited for driving," said Mr. Ghose. "What is example of strong emotion?"

A young, neatly dressed West African man did not look up as he responded, "Anxiety."

When asked why people drink, the tentative responses included, "To socialize," "To forget your problems," and "Fun?" Only the West African was resolute: "Anxiety."

"America is an extreme drinking nation, an extreme driving nation," concluded Mr. Ghose. "A drunk driver—even if he is a most excellent person, from high family, a scholar—is a bad character on the road."

Mr. Ghose had a gift for lively speech, and his students responded to his earnest, searching style, but he was a compelling teacher mostly because his statements often seemed less like instructions from Albany than emanations from some still higher plane. "Behavior, attitude, emotion, all depend on the mind," he said. "There are three kinds of mind: conscious, subconscious, superconscious. The conscious mind tells you what you see, a road sign, a traffic light. The subconscious mind tells you what you cannot see—maybe something from childhood, from the past. Hidden feelings, we all have it. The superconscious is not important for driving. If you are coming home, for example, but your mind is still doing your experiments in the laboratory."

Mr. Ghose stopped and shook his head before going on. "That is not even hundred-percent example. A better example is in India, when a holy man goes into the jungle, and the noise of the monkeys and the sound of the birds is around him, but he hears nothing, his mind is with God. His focus is wholly on God, so hundred-percent that if he lies on his back, a snake will crawl across his belly and he will not know it. A snake will do that. But the holy man does nothing. His mind is on God. That is an example of the superconscious mind."

Almost sadly, he added, "Again, it is not so important for driving." ❐

Edward Conlon is a writer living in the Bronx.

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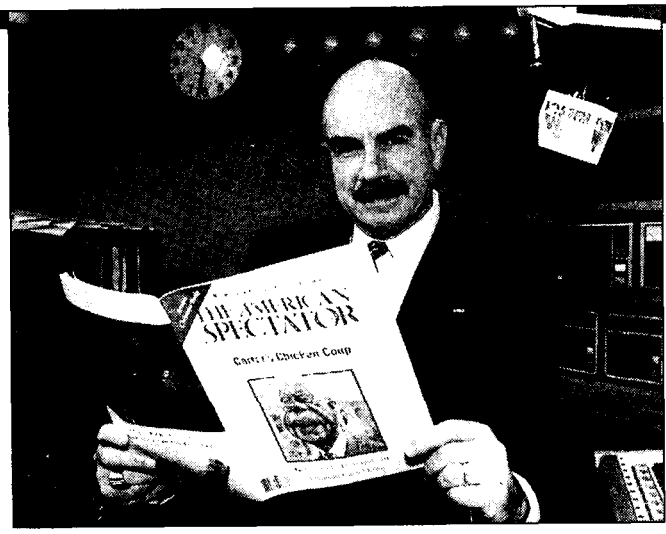

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Godlike Reason

by James Bowman

What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast no more.
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

Hamlet's question has lost some of its urgency in our century. We see no shame to our humanity in emulation of the beasts that die. But even the beasts are identifiable by sex. Ivan Reitman's ***Junior*** also asks what is a man—and then provides a typical Hollywood answer: man in his essence is a hermaphrodite. *Junior* is a part of the ongoing Hollywood project to chronicle not the world that most of us know and live in, but a kind of alongside world that looks like it but is in fact as remote as if it were on some other planet. And the most salient feature about this virtual reality is that it is a place where sex is an irrelevancy. Men and women are interchangeable social units with slightly different physical characteristics.

But talk about your high concept! Take Mr. Macho himself, the pneumatic Arnold Schwarzenegger, and pretend he's pregnant. See Arnold in drag! Watch him cry at a soppy Kodak commercial! Hear him complain about morning sickness, cramps, and sore nipples, and say female-type things like "I hate my body!" As in *Twins*, Danny DeVito is the sidekick, but this time he is an unappreciative and insensitive husband to Arnold's clingy wife, begging him to "Take me with you" and then complaining that "I have nothing to wear." Emma Thompson is the klutzy boyfriend. This is not just virtual reality but what Janet Maslin calls "virtual comedy." There isn't a joke in the whole movie, but the movie as a whole is a joke—and already an old joke before we are well into the third reel.

Foreign essays in cinematic hermaphroditism like *The Crying Game* or *La Femme Nikita* at least have the virtue of self-awareness. They know the intellectual perils of their own radicalism and even poke fun at themselves for it. But the genuine Hollywood article, untinged by Euro-irony, is in deadly earnest, as we learned in the ludicrous Hollywood remake of *La Femme Nikita* called *Point of No Return*. The more obvious ancestor of *Junior*, however, is *Tootsie*, whose heavy-handed moralizing is here reproduced. The experience of being a woman turns an austere control freak into a warm and loving human being, and masculinity is, as usual, alternately trivialized and demonized.

Just as a man is as capable as a woman in Hollywood's virtual reality of having babies, so he is as capable as a woman of being sexually harassed. Such, at any rate, is the hypothesis on which Michael Crichton and Barry Levinson would sell us in ***Disclosure***. Now there's a situation which, though rare, just might be believable—if, that is, it weren't for the number of unbelievable things we are asked to swallow along with it. To wit: (1) a top corporate executive who looks like Demi Moore and (2) a top corporate executive who looks like Demi Moore who attempts to use her power to force a subordinate male to have sex with her. The top corporate executive, Meredith Johnson, accuses the male subordinate, Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas) of having harassed her and the poor guy is caught having to deny her charge by asserting (2) above, which, as we have already noted, is patently unbelievable.

They've already lost me at that point, but it gets worse. The hero gets out of this seemingly ungetoutable jam because (3) he was leaving a message on somebody's answering machine when the gal jumped him, so the whole thing is on tape. This ridiculous *deus ex machina* is introduced something like two-thirds of the way through the film, in order that the tiresome business about sexual harassment can be dropped and the new theme of corporate skullduggery in the computer industry introduced.

For Meredith was not just sexually frustrated, you see. She also had a deep-laid plot to get rid of Tom—not by taking the obvious step of firing him but by (4) sabotaging the company's product and endangering a crucial merger, not to say the company's very survival, so that he will get the blame and be sacked for incompetence by the big boss (Donald Sutherland) who at times (5) appears to be in on the plot himself. Luckily for Tom, however, (6) he finds out what is afoot and is able to stop it because, fiendishly clever though she otherwise is, Meredith has forgotten about the *backup files* in Malaysia on which the whole plot is carefully recorded and incriminating evidence left.

Now what (4) through (6) have to do with the reverse sexual-harassment idea is anyone's guess, but maybe we are meant to take a hint from a speech given by Meredith, in which she looks forward to the time when advances in computer technology will render race and gender obsolete and "we can relate to each other

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James Bowman, our movie critic, is American editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

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as pure consciousness." Certainly by putting the girl in the boy's place and the boy in the girl's, the film stresses their interchangeability, and the applicability of the same rules to both sexes appears actually to amount to belief in the preposterous idea of "relating to each other as pure consciousness."

On the other hand, at times this seems part of the film's studied irony. When Meredith tells Tom how absurd it is that men always have to pretend to know and that they can't admit ignorance (with no apologies to Deborah Tannen or "difference feminism"), and Tom goes into a meeting at which she takes him apart for admitting ignorance, it looks like a savage attack on the new feminist thought for being nothing but cover for an otherwise naked grab for power. But, then, the combination of Michael (*Falling Down*) Douglas and Michael (*Rising Sun*) Crichton was bound to produce at least the whiff of a cinematic populism, which I find remarkably unattractive.

Nor do I like the smell of the dog poop that keeps popping up in Robert Altman's anti-satire ***Prêt-à-Porter***, or ***Ready to Wear*** as it has now been re-titled in deference to people who are afraid of foreign languages. This is the latest example of Altman's habit of taking as his subject some crowd of narcissists—army field surgeons or the country music industry or the Hollywood film industry or, now, the fashion industry—and making a movie that purports to expose and ridicule their narcissism. Now, of course, narcissists by definition like nothing better than to be exposed, so they all crowd around and beg to be in the film and tell Altman what a genius he is for exposing their outrageousness. "Yes! We are outrageous, aren't we?" they say. "Ooh! We're so-o-o naughty!" And they love it! Just as all the stars wanted to do cameos in *The Player*, so all the fashion designers seem to have wanted to do cameos here.

Meanwhile the alleged satire amounts to little more than the dog poop fouling the shoes of the beautiful people. It's like drawing a mustache on the cover girl. Juvenile stuff. Altman is like the little altar boy in the poem by Hardy who, when he sees the vicar practicing the most telling effects of his sermon before a mirror, loses all his respect and admiration for him. Likewise Altman has never been able to get over the discovery that people's behavior does not naturally and invariably arise from the wellspring of authenticity. Who but Altman didn't know already that people in the fashion business are often attractive but superficial, glitzy, plastic, promiscuous, and phony? Yet he appears to think that the news will come as a revelation to his audience. Why is he always the last to know?

I think the reason is that his true audience is as ignorant as he is. It is the beautiful people themselves whom the Altmanian anti-satire is designed not to embarrass and offend but to make even more self-satisfied. Like *The Player*, *Prêt-à-Porter* is a kind of home movie for the industry it purports to satirize. The one thing it has going for it is an underlying sense of regret, of nostalgia for the ordinary life of men and women and work and play and meat and potatoes with which the high-intensity artificiality of the fashion world is implicitly compared. Altman is almost ashamed of the comparison—hence the toothlessness of the satire—but beneath the surface to which he confines himself, he at least understands Hamlet's question and in unguarded moments wonders, too, if all this sleeping and feeding quite adds up to humanity.

Red, the third of Krzysztof Kieslowski's stunning *Three Colors* trilogy and Movie of the Month, has none of this timidity. On the contrary, its boldness dares the perils of glibness and moralism to explore the revolutionary possibility that the world might actually make some kind of sense. Kieslowski sets up his world to stress randomness and chance and the tenuousness of people's connections with one another. In a breathtaking opening sequence, he uses the telephone wires and cables running between two lovers, one in London and the other in Geneva, to suggest the infinite convolutions of the pathways by which we come to each other. And all the way through the film the beepings of telephones and answering machines remind us of this.

In the midst of all this randomness and complexity sits Jean-Louis Trintignant, a retired judge in Geneva who passes the time by eavesdropping, with the help of some sophisticated electronic equipment, on his neighbors' telephone conversations. Into his life, by chance, comes Valentine (Irène Jacob), a young model who has accidentally run over and injured his dog with her car. She sees what he is doing and expresses her disgust with it, but at the same time she is drawn to him and the aura of godlike power that comes with knowing everyone's secrets. "When I was a judge," he tells her, "I didn't know whether I was on the good side or the bad side. Here I know better than in the courtroom."

We are not so sure. It is a criminal act to spy on the neighbors—who include a heroin dealer, a cheating husband, and a young law student, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), whose girlfriend is cheating on him. Inexplicably, having invited Valentine to turn him in to the authorities and been refused, the judge turns himself in. The neighbors throw rocks through his windows. He collects the rocks and keeps them on the piano. But although his electronic gear is taken away from him, he seems to retain his omniscience. He predicts Valentine's future—a happy future—from his dreams. "Who are you?" she asks, suddenly frightened of him for the first time. "A retired judge," he replies blandly. The image is irresistible of a God retired from Judgment—of knowing everything but not being able to do anything about anything.

Or so we think until we begin to know as much as the judge knows. Soon we see the parallels between his life and that of Auguste, the student, and between Valentine and the woman he once loved and lost. "Maybe you are the woman I never met," he says teasingly. But he seems to know of the astonishing coincidence that will bring Valentine and Auguste together. In the vast universe of random occurrences, a pattern emerges, and it portends love. Is it possible that our comings and our goings can be so ordered when they seem so haphazard? Is it possible that our lives are such a miracle? Like all the greatest artists, Kieslowski convinces us for a moment that it is—and that we do, after all, partake of that godlike reason that Hamlet counterpoises to the sleep of the beasts. ❐

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MORE PRECIOUS THAN PEACE: THE COLD WAR AND THE STRUGGLE FOR THE THIRD WORLD

Peter W. Rodman

Charles Scribner's Sons / 672 pages / $35

reviewed by JOSEPH SHATTAN

Peter Rodman, whom I know moderately well, is a modest man with little to be modest about. A close associate of Henry Kissinger's during the Nixon and Ford administrations, and a senior foreign policy official under Reagan and Bush, Rodman is that rarest of figures, a foreign policy generalist in an age of specialists. Throughout much of his career he has dealt with the Soviet-American fight for the Third World, and in *More Precious Than Peace*, Rodman has produced a study of that conflict that, like all distinguished works of history, enables us to see both ourselves and our adversaries in a fresh, new light.

The book illuminates the astonishing degree to which the American and Soviet experiences in the Third World resemble each other. Both the United States and the Soviet Union regarded themselves as anti-imperialist powers; both were sufficiently self-confident to imagine they could reshape the Third World in their own respective images; both believed that the global balance of power—or, as the Soviets would say, "the historical correlation of forces"—depended on the outcome of their rivalry in the Third World; and both committed terrible blunders, suffering grievous (and in the Soviet case, irreparable) harm in consequence.

Hostility to Western imperialism was, for the Soviets, a basic tenet of Leninist political faith. It also seemed to make great strategic sense—the perfect way for them to forge a united front with the anti-colonial movements and governments of the Third World.

For the United States, however, hostility to imperialism seemed an inevitable corollary to democratic faith, the belief that government is legitimate only by consent of the governed. Anti-imperialism also appeared to be a way of differentiating ourselves from the hated British, French, and Dutch colonialists, and for undercutting Moscow's claim that it alone was the champion of Third World independence movements.

The first president to articulate America's anti-imperialist vocation was Woodrow Wilson, and, according to Rodman, he did so in part to counteract Lenin's anti-imperialist propaganda. Like Lenin, Wilson offered a vision of a postwar world transformed and redeemed—but in Wilson's view, redemption would come not from the "international working class," but from the triumph of democracy and national self-determination.

Franklin Roosevelt was, if anything, even more of an anti-imperialist than Wilson. In 1943 he told his son Elliott, "When we've won the war, I will work with all my might and main to see to it that the United States is not wheedled into the position of accepting any plan that will further France's imperialistic ambitions, or that will aid and abet the British Empire in *its* imperial ambitions." FDR was especially suspicious of the British: "The only thing that could upset the apple cart after the war is if the world is divided again, Russia against England and us. That's our big job now, and it'll be our big job tomorrow, too: Making sure that we continue to act as referee, as intermediary between Russia and England."

Roosevelt's intense anti-imperialism may explain his often crude attempts to score points with Stalin at Churchill's expense during the Teheran and Yalta summits. Rodman's depiction of FDR alters our conventional view of his presidency: Clearly, Eleanor wasn't the only left-wing ideologue occupying the White House.

But anti-imperialism was not merely a Democratic fixation; Republican presidents were equally prepared to march under the anti-imperialist banner. The most serious blow to British and French ambitions in the Third World was struck by Dwight Eisenhower. It was Ike, the conservative Republican, who, hoping to ingratiate the United States with the Arabs, laid the full weight of American disapproval against the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Suez in 1956, thereby bringing the British to their knees. Eisenhower's vice president, Richard Nixon, loyally observed that America's policy was a second "declaration of independence," and he was exactly right. The process of unraveling the British Empire, begun by Americans in 1776, was completed by Eisenhower in 1956. Whether the defeat of British imperialism was a sensible American objective, however, is a different question. Eisenhower eventually decided it was not, while Nixon declared, thirty years after Suez, that the Eisenhower administration had committed "the greatest foreign policy blunder . . . since the end of World War II."

The Soviets committed their share of blunders, too. Their anti-imperialist campaign began taking shape in 1920, when the Second Conference of the Communist International instructed Communist parties throughout the Third World to enter into temporary alliances with "bourgeois-nationalists" in order to defeat the colonial powers. Once these powers were defeated, Communists were to turn against their nationalist allies and prepare the way for revolution.

Dutifully complying with this directive, the fledgling Chinese Communist party made common cause with the nationalist Kuomintang, which was also receiving substantial assistance directly from Moscow. The leader of Kuomintang, however, Chiang Kai-shek, had apparently read the resolutions of the Second Comintern

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Congress. In 1927, he massacred Communist cadres in Shanghai, evidently deciding to get them before they got him.

Stalin was the Soviet leader most closely identified with the policy of encouraging a Communist-Kuomintang alliance, and the Shanghai massacre caused him major embarrassment. He concluded that "bourgeois-nationalists" were not to be trusted, and that small Third World Communist parties were insignificant, while large ones were potential rivals. Stalin then turned his back on the Third World and set out to build "socialism in one country"—his own. As late as 1947, Stalin's hatchet man, Andrei Zhdanov, delivered a major address dividing the world into two camps, Communist and capitalist, and demanding that Third World leaders openly declare themselves for one or the other. Since most of these leaders preferred to play the neutralist game, Zhdanov's speech was Stalin's way of telling them that, as far as he was concerned, they could all go to hell.

Khrushchev reversed this course, but the paradox, writes Rodman, was that "this pioneer of internal thaw and East-West détente was also the Soviet leader who launched a bold political offensive against the West in the Third World, letting loose three decades of often violent conflict." Instead of telling Third World leaders, as Stalin had done, "If you're not with us, you're against us," he effectively said, "If you're not against us, you're with us." Khrushchev was fascinated by the Sukarnos, the Nassers, the Ben Bellas, and the Nkrumahs, and set out to win them over to the socialist camp.

To justify this new course, Khrushchev's theoreticians began to fiddle with Marxist theory. In addition to Communist and capitalist countries, they argued, the world also consisted of newly independent nations that had embarked upon the "noncapitalist path of development." Even if these countries lacked Communist parties, they would eventually build socialism, provided they remained allied to the Soviet Union, which would act as a surrogate Communist party. Through theoretical contortions like these—as well as more practical actions like military aid—Khrushchev believed he could shift the "correlation of forces" to Moscow's favor.

President Kennedy believed him. Neither Kennedy nor his advisers thought, as the radical left was then arguing, that Western prosperity depended on economic access to former colonies. Yet Kennedy decided that America's vital interests required us to prevail in the Third World. "The great battleground for the defense and expansion of freedom today," he told Congress in 1961, "is the whole southern half of the globe—the lands of the rising peoples. Their revolution is the greatest in human history. . . . And in that contest, we cannot stand aside."

To help win the battle for freedom, Kennedy's theoreticians—political economists associated with Harvard and MIT—developed an approach that might be called "the non-socialist path of development." As economists Max Millikan and Walt Rostow explained it,

judicious grants of foreign aid would "promote the evolution of societies that are stable in the sense that they are capable of rapid change without violence, effective in the sense that they can make progress in meeting the aspirations of all their citizens, and democratic in the sense that ultimate power is widely shared through the society."

The basic assumption of these analyses, one that the Kennedy administration accepted, was that promoting economic development in the Third World was akin to promoting democracy as well. And so, with great hoopla, Kennedy launched the Alliance for Progress, along with lesser aid projects. But there is no intrinsic connection between development and democracy. (Iran under the Shah developed very rapidly, without its subsequent political evolution becoming democratic.) America's foreign-aid programs thus fell far short of their goals, as had Khrushchev's "non-capitalist path of development."

Even more harmful than Kennedy's economic activism were his political and military policies. He became alarmed by a 1961 Khrushchev speech extolling the "mighty upsurge of anti-imperialist, national-liberation revolutions." Eisenhower believed, correctly, that the speech was mainly a lot of empty bluster, but Kennedy, in Rodman's words, "treated the speech as a shot across the bow, a grave challenge to the West." Not only did he himself read the 20,000-word speech, but Kennedy distributed copies to his top aides, ordering them to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it."

The upshot, according to Rodman, was a sudden onset of "strategic panic." Taking Khrushchev at his word, the Kennedy administration decided that "the global balance of power was being decided in the Third World—and we were losing." To prevent "wars of national liberation" from sweeping the Third World, we would have to draw the line somewhere, and the place Kennedy decided to draw it was Vietnam.

Of America's ordeal in Vietnam, suffice it to say that the rationale for our involvement kept changing: Under Kennedy, Vietnam was seen as a test case of Khrushchev's "national liberation" strategy; under Johnson, a test case of Mao's "People's War" strategy; under Nixon, a test case of American credibility. Never far from the surface of official thought was Eisenhower's "domino theory," the contention that the fall of South Vietnam would encourage Communist takeovers of Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, and perhaps even the Philippines.

In fact, says Rodman, "the most important domino to fall" as a result of our defeat in Vietnam "was the American people and their willingness to remain engaged in the world." After Saigon fell in 1975, America withdrew into itself, leaving the Soviet Union, at least as far as

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the Third World was concerned, the sole superpower. Khrushchev's successors were neo-Stalinists domestically, but their foreign policy was even more "adventurist." With America seemingly out of the picture, Brezhnev proved, as a Soviet scholar later put it, "unable to resist further temptation to become involved in the complex internal affairs of other countries. . . . We went boldly down the path of intervention and expansion that we had beaten so assuredly. It led us through Ethiopia, Yemen, a series of African countries, and eventually into Afghanistan."

I came to Washington in the aftermath of the Afghanistan invasion, and, like many hawks, I was convinced that Soviet policy was part of a wider strategy aimed at gaining control of the Persian Gulf. It seems I was wrong. Rodman makes a convincing case that what really motivated Soviet leaders was . . . the domino theory! As the East German ambassador to Afghanistan put it, "If the Soviet Union allowed a pro-Soviet communist government in a border state to collapse, it would have an unsettling effect on other border states within the Soviet orbit."

In the West, it was widely predicted that the formidable Soviet machine would win the war quickly, and the Politburo no doubt expected a cakewalk also. Such predictions ignored two things: the martial ferocity of the Afghan people and the ideological ferocity of the Reagan administration.

The "Reagan Doctrine"—a term coined by journalist Charles Krauthammer and never actually used by the administration—was a determined effort to roll back Soviet gains in the Third World by providing military support to forces resisting Communist aggression. The doctrine was, Rodman says, a compound of many elements: the astuteness of conservative staffers on the National Security Council, who recognized in Soviet overextension a strategic opportunity for the West; the crusading zeal of the neoconservatives in the State Department and the Pentagon, who were militant supporters of democracy; and, most importantly, the ideological vigor and passion of a president who did not suffer from self-doubt, and who believed that the "evil empire" was destined for defeat.

Rodman argues that the defeat in Afghanistan had an even greater effect on the Soviet Union than Vietnam had on the United States:

> The American system, with its capacity for self-renewal, rebounded after Vietnam, drawing on its own moral resources and democratic resilience. Yes, there was a reaction against excessive secrecy in government and a struggle over accountability between Congress and the President. But in the USSR the very core of the system was held to blame—the arbitrariness of dictatorial rule, the party's monopoly of power, and the complete absence of accountability. . . . Many an autocracy has been discredited and undermined by failure in war. This one should be added to the list.

The East German ambassador to Afghanistan had been correct: Moscow's defeat sent the Communist dominoes toppling, and the last to fall was the Soviet Union itself.

More Precious Than Peace offers a persuasive argument that America did not win the Cold War because our leaders were cleverer than the Soviets, or because our diplomats and social scientists had deeper insights than theirs. We won because our system was more resilient: We could come back from defeat. They could not. ❐

STALIN AND THE BOMB: THE SOVIET UNION AND ATOMIC ENERGY 1939-1956

David Holloway

Yale University Press / 464 pages / $30

reviewed by DONALD LYONS

A decade after the discovery of radiation, the Russian mineralogist Vladimir Vernadskii was urging in 1910 that Russia assess its supplies of radioactive minerals. When the Revolution came, Vernadskii opposed the Bolsheviks, but was allowed to found the Radium Institute in Petrograd in 1922. Vernadskii was depressed to find that all uranium extraction had been put in the hands of the OGPU secret police. Despising Marxism and turning, in fact, to the ideas of Teilhard de Chardin in the 1930s, Vernadskii looked on the tiny Russian scientific community as the bearers of a democratic future.

Vernadskii's optimism is David Holloway's theme. Holloway insists that, throughout this century, the discipline of physics has constituted a challenge to the Party's writ, a "sphere of relative autonomy in a society dominated by a regime with totalitarian pretensions." A political scientist at Stanford, Holloway writes with clarity and suspense about physics itself. In this sense, *Stalin and the Bomb* succeeds much as *The Double Helix* did—by rendering arcane science intelligible to the layman. But it is also a study of the interaction between science and totalitarianism, and an investigation of nuclear weapons' influence on international politics.

In 1933, the Soviet physicist Igor Kurchatov had a cyclotron built in Leningrad; by 1934 he was reproducing Enrico Fermi's experiments. (He knew about them because at this point nuclear physicists were naively publishing their experiments.) But from 1937 to 1939, Stalin's purges destroyed much of the Soviet scientific community—just as fission was being discovered in Berlin in 1938.

Kurchatov at once directed his lab to try to reproduce the Berlin experiment. A *New York Times* article in May 1940,

Donald Lyons is a frequent contributor to the Wall Street Journal, *the* New Criterion, *and other publications.*

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The Washington Times

November 14 – 20, 1994 NATIONAL WEEKLY EDITION $2.25

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REPUBLICANS BY A KNOCKOUT

Clinton, Democratic policies rejected beyond Beltway

New Whitewater hearings likely

By Jerry Seper
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

Having wrested control of Congress from the Democrats, Republicans are expected next year to renew their call for comprehensive hearings into Whitewater — an effort that was thwarted this year.

But the new inquiry could reach beyond the Senate and House banking committees, which held limited hearings last summer, to include the appointment of a select committee to investigate President Clinton's ties to a failed Arkansas thrift and a real estate partnership.

"We've not yet heard anyone specifically suggest the appointment of a select committee, but look at the mix, the gumbo that has become Whitewater, and think about the breadth of jurisdiction," said one key GOP official.

"There are legitimate questions rightfully within the domain of several committees — Agriculture, Energy, Commerce, the

see HEARINGS, page 7

The morning after:

President Clinton discusses his party's devastating losses at a news conference Nov. 9 at the White House.

Photo by Kenneth Lambert/The Washington Times

Voters realign the government

By Donald Lambro
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

Angry voters pounded President Clinton, his party and his liberal message at the midterm, sweeping Democrats from power in Congress and turning the government in a sharply conservative direction.

Every poll of the past several months showed that voters were fed up with just about everything the government was doing, from higher taxes to more spending, and Nov. 8 they turned that anger on the Democrats with a vengeance.

In a politically realigning election of historic proportions, voters sent a strong message of support for the Republicans' tax-reduction and budget-cutting platform.

And the president who was elected two years ago on a platform of change was rebuffed for practicing the same old brand of liberal Democratic politics rather than the New Democrat policies he preached on the campaign trail.

For the first time in 40 years, Republicans were poised to wrest control of both houses of the Con-

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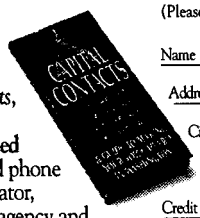

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mailed to Vernadskii by his son at Yale, alerted Russian physicists to the danger that German scientists might in fact be working on an atomic bomb. The German invasion of 1941 scattered physicists and ended physics, save for Kurchatov's brilliant young colleague Georgii Flerov, who actually produced a design for an atomic bomb in December 1941. Flerov judged by the sudden vanishing of articles on nuclear topics from U.S. journals that research had gone secret. But Stalin was deaf at this point. It was only when physicist-spy Klaus Fuchs sent espionage data from the U.K. about atomic experiments there that Lavrentii Beria, head of the OGPU, urged Stalin to get off the dime. In 1943, at the height of the battle of Stalingrad, Stalin authorized a nuclear project, to be headed by Kurchatov, who knew it would take years. For one thing, there was a dearth of uranium in Russia. (Most of it was eventually to come from conquered Germany.)

"By the beginning of 1945, Soviet intelligence had a clear general picture of the Manhattan project," says Holloway. That intelligence came from Fuchs, who had gone to Los Alamos in 1944, and from Los Alamos machinist David Greenglass, and was passed along to Kurchatov. It gave him his atomic recipe. But, again, it took Hiroshima to energize Stalin, to get him to build Kurchatov a modern kitchen. (Much was made in reviews of this book in the liberal press of its clear proof that Stalin now wanted a bomb of his own at all costs and would not have been salved by Henry Wallace's utopian fantasies of "sharing" or "dismantling." It is, I guess, always good for liberals to wake up.)

On January 25, 1946, Stalin summoned Kurchatov to an audience. Kurchatov later confided to his notebook how thrilled he was to see "Comrade Stalin's love for Russia and V.I. Lenin." He had reason to be thrilled: Stalin had promised him and his top colleagues dachas and cars ("to relax"), and unlimited government backing. What this meant in practice was slave labor from the Gulag: at least half-a-million uranium miners and construction workers. For security reasons, these laborers, unlike other Gulag inmates, were *never* released back into society. Hundreds of thousands more were callously exposed to radiation, and there was incalculable environmental devastation—infinitely worse than anything in the West. Holloway faces these facts, but spends very little time on them in his eagerness to label the Soviet nuclear Babel "a curious combination of the best and worst of Soviet society."

In immediate supervision of the whole enterprise was the sinister Beria, who "visited the various institutes and plants, issuing threats and exuding an air of menace." By July 1948, a reactor was operational; when glitches arose, Beria smelled sabotage and had to be calmed down. The entire project had an air of *Alice in Wonderland*: not only did Beria carry around a list of physicists to be executed in case the damn thing didn't explode, but the bomb was being built in slavish imitation of the U.S. bomb at the very time when Stalin was insisting that *no* Soviet science owed anything to the West. He had just decimated Soviet biology by elevating to dogma the crackpot theories of Lysenko, and he was preparing a public "conference" on physics for March 1949 that would doubtless have been an orgy of confessions and executions. At the very last minute, Stalin apparently realized that such a spectacle, however pleasing, would cost him his bomb. He called the conference off, saying to Beria, "Leave them in peace. We can always shoot them later." With Beria and Kurchatov watching from a tower, Fuchs's recipe for plutonium implosion was tested on August 29, 1949. It worked, and Beria kissed everybody.

Holloway insists that thus "the bomb saved a small island of intellectual autonomy." I'd say it saved some dachas and labs, at the cost of putting lightning in the hands of a modern Nero.

That December, the tyrant was 70, his cruelty and paranoia exacerbated by dementia. "I trust no one, not even myself," he muttered, like a mad emperor in Tacitus. There is good evidence that by 1953, his last year, he was preparing not just another frightful purge—this time a vast pogrom—but war itself. His death paradoxically accelerated the Soviet dash toward a thermonuclear bomb, and brought a soberer attitude toward nuclear war to the Kremlin.

The Soviet H-bomb was masterminded by the son of a Moscow physics teacher, Andrei Sakharov. This time the Soviets did not copy the U.S., but managed an original design: Sakharov came up with a "layer-cake" type of boosted A-bomb that technically qualified as thermonuclear and was successfully tested in August 1955; in November a true thermonuclear bomb was dropped from a plane (there are extraordinary pictures of these tests in Holloway). These huge H-tests, with their awesome damage and accidental deaths, frightened the scientists: Sakharov started down the road to dissidence, and old Kurchatov decided to retire, gasping, "Such a terrible, monstrous sight! That weapon must not be allowed ever to be used." And yet, as late as 1989, Sakharov was justifying the construction of the Soviet H-bomb on grounds of balance of power and "in spite of the fact that we were giving the weapon into the hands of Stalin and Beria." The revered Kurchatov was paraded by a boastful (but at least sane) Khrushchev in Britain in 1956 as an ornament of Soviet science.

Holloway is unsure and uninteresting on strategic questions about the role of nuclear weapons in such postwar international crises as the Berlin blockade and Korea. Was Stalin's refusal to stop the Berlin airlift by the Allies due to the fact that Truman *might* have moved A-bombs to England? "Impossible to say with certainty." Stalin okayed the North Korean aggression, but Holloway urges against this as evidence of nuclear recklessness. Maybe. Stalin did believe in the inevitability of World War III, but foresaw this as a replay of World War II, with Soviet land forces playing a far more definitive role than these new weapons. His successors were more informed and more timid.

If it overvalues the moral stature and intellectual independence of these scientific apparatchiks, *Stalin and the Bomb* does drive another stake into the undying revisionist scenario of the U.S. as sole and wicked author of the arms race. Holloway unveils with great authority and sobriety a forbidden world and recounts a fascinating tale. He sees his scientists as being on the way up from the Platonic cave toward the sun, while I see them as still in the cave, nerds with blinders, and find it noteworthy that a measure of democracy finally came to Russia not as a trickle-down from science, but, as usual, from a popular love of liberty. ❐

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THE CRAFT OF INVESTING

John Train

HarperBusiness / 313 pages / $22

reviewed by JOE QUEENAN

There are roughly twenty-five books that should be in every investor's library, and John Train has written two of them. Mind you, *The Money Masters* and *The New Money Masters* are essentially repositories of other people's wisdom, the fruits of Train's interviews with legendary money managers ranging from Warren Buffett and John Templeton (the old guard) to Peter Lynch and Jimmy Rogers (the young blood). Still, original works or not, they are masterpieces.

In his new book, *The Craft of Investing*, Train sums up everything he has learned in or around Wall Street over the years. The result is a compact synthesis of Train's own ideas, along with thoughts he has gleaned from the likes of Buffett and Lynch. It is as lucid and succinct an introduction to investing as any book to be found anywhere; it is also elegantly written, and often quite witty. It is one of only two books I've reviewed this year that I would actually buy with my own money.

There is nothing the slightest bit earthshaking in *The Craft of Investing*. Train's forte is in making his case, restating his case, and then restating it once again. There are no gimmicks, no tricks. To put it simply, Train believes that the wise investor will buy growth stocks during market troughs, when such stocks are cheap, and then flesh out his portfolio with positions in "conventional companies" when they are undervalued because of bad news, rumors, impending war, government meddling, or poor market conditions. Investors should concentrate on outstanding companies in dull, glamourless industries, but avoid initial public offerings because it is foolish to invest in a company until it has a track record, i.e., earnings. And he says that investors should always be on the lookout for good buys in despised industries, serving up U.S. Tobacco, the leading maker of moist snuff, as an example.

"All good investors are contrarians," notes Train, meaning that successful investors invariably buy stocks when other investors are selling them. But he also argues that investors must stay in the market even during downswings. "The greatest moments are usually the violent rebounds from a bottom," he writes. "But market timers are usually out of stocks at a bottom, and if you miss the best month or so in each decade, you cut your return by about half!"

What does Train think of other types of investments? Not much. He believes that everyone should own the house he lives in, but vehemently dislikes bonds, precious metals, and most collectibles. Producing a chart of all the long-forgotten artistic nonentities who won the coveted French Prix de Rome between 1870 and 1900—a bunch of Charles Moulins and Victor Blavettes, but nary a Claude Monet—Train cautions against buying the works of hot young artists in the expectation that they will ever be famous.

One of the few collectible themes Train endorses is purchasing expatriated art or furniture from emerging countries, because, as he puts it, "When a country gets rich, it buys back its own history." This being the case, he says that investing in Cuban art could pay off a few years down the road when Fidel Castro finally passes from the scene and an economic revival takes place in Cuba. We shall see.

When it suits his purposes, the normally civil Train can be quite acerbic. He brands most investment newsletter writers charlatans, guffaws at the prophecies of economists, and scorns exotic investment products: straddles, options, CMOs, junk bonds. As he explains in his introduction: "I do not discuss modern portfolio theory, the use of derivatives, and mathematical models because I observe that great investors don't use them, the private sector doesn't need them, and they do not in fact improve performance. They seem instead to flatten performance at some cost."

Train dismisses technical analysis—the study of market movement, momentum, and volume, as opposed to the analysis of individual companies—as "tea-leaf reading." Echoing Peter Lynch, the most successful mutual fund manager of all time, he suggests that spending more than fifteen minutes a year studying the direction of the economy is a waste of time. Rather than anguishing over short-term trends in the market or the economy generally, Train believes that the secret to success in the stock market is to "buy a share of a company the way you buy a house: because you know all about it, and want to own it for a long time at that price. In fact, you should only buy what you would be happy to own in the absence of any market."

One of Train's virtues is his refusal to lie about how difficult wealth-building is. In his view, if you are not the sort of person who is prepared to claw his way through *Forbes* and *Barron's*—most particularly those Sahara-sized "Roundtable" discussions with money managers that run in *Barron's* every January—you probably shouldn't be in the stock market. You also shouldn't be in the stock market if you don't understand the concept of free cash flow and the significance of the price-sales ratio. And if you are in the market, never buy on margin. Investing is like football: the team that makes the fewest mistakes usually wins.

"Since the investor never has to act, he should focus on not making avoidable mistakes," writes Train. "Remember, there are far more ways to lose than to win, and what you don't own can't hurt you."

Actually, not owning this book could. ❐

Joe Queenan, a frequent contributor to Barron's, *is the author of* If You're Talking to Me, Your Career Must Be In Trouble *(Hyperion).*

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REMEMBER LAUGHTER: A LIFE OF JAMES THURBER

Neil A. Grauer

University of Nebraska Press / 204 pages / $20

reviewed by TERRY TEACHOUT

James Thurber thought he deserved a Nobel Prize for literature. Sounds crazy, no? But before dismissing his fantasy as quintessentially Mittyesque, pause for a moment to call the roll of Thurber's distinguished admirers. Among the heavy hitters cited by Neil A. Grauer in this new biography are W.H. Auden ("It would be as impertinent as it is unnecessary to praise Mr. Thurber's work; everyone knows and loves it"), Edmund Wilson (who in 1945 spoke admiringly of Thurber's "rapid elimination of the last vestiges of the conventional humorist and his emergence as a comic artist of the top layer of our contemporary writing"), and T.S. Eliot:

> There is a criticism of life at the bottom of [Thurber's work]. It is serious and even somber. Unlike so much humor, it is not merely a criticism of manners—that is, of the superficial aspects of society at a given moment—but something more profound. His writings and also his illustrations are capable of surviving the immediate environment and time out of which they spring. To some extent, they will be a document of the age they belong to.

With friends like those, who needs megalomania?

If these quotes have a familiar ring, it's probably because Grauer's book covers ground that was tilled two decades ago in Charles S. Holmes's *The Clocks of Columbus: The Literary Career of James Thurber* (1972) and Burton Bernstein's *Thurber: A Biography* (1975). Anyone interested in a quick, graceful rundown of the grubby facts of Thurber's life will find them here (like most humorists, he was by all accounts a pitiful and disagreeable man), but *Remember Laughter* is not a true "brief life." There is no distinctive poetic quality or point of view about Grauer's treatment of Thurber, save for his occasional nervous nods to the rainbow goddess of political correctness: "But no matter how antifeminist Thurber's work often was—and his misogyny seems undeniable—the human types that he created remain as vivid and true today as ever."

As a critic, Grauer is strictly pro-Thurber, and his book obsequiously recycles the received view of the author of *My World and Welcome To It*:

> His work endures because it is universal. It captures conflicts, anxieties, and longings inherent in us all. . . . Perhaps the ultimate artistic achievement is the creation of a unique universe, a place of distinctive characters, sensibilities, and situations, a world of one's own. Thurber created such a world—and said we were welcome to it. We remain grateful for that gift.

I wonder. James Thurber doesn't get written about much these days, and I have a feeling he doesn't get read all that much, either. Grauer reports that some 20 of the 25 books published by Thurber during his lifetime are still in print. In fact, I only found one Thurber title on the shelves of the four well-stocked New York bookstores I frequent. Not even *The Thurber Carnival*, the 1945 anthology that established Thurber as more than a humorist, seems to be readily available these days.

Whether or not anybody still reads James Thurber is a question not accessible to the casual inquiries of book reviewers. But I realized with a start on receiving *Remember Laughter* that it had been years since I'd looked into any of his books. To revisit Thurber in the light of remembered enthusiasm is a jolting experience. A few of his stories, especially "The Catbird Seat," "If Grant Had Been Drinking at Appomattox," the mordant "The Greatest Man in the World," and the ubiquitous "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," have retained their charm. But most are hopelessly flat, the flattest of all being the dour studies of marital discord and incipient psychosis ("One Is a Wanderer," "A Couple of Hamburgers") that Thurber's critics, including Neil Grauer, typically single out for favorable comment. The rest are an amalgam of sloppy sentimentality, tiresome wordplay, unintelligible period references, and satire *manqué*. No doubt they gave great pleasure to *New Yorker* subscribers of the thirties and forties, Auden and Eliot included, but such pieces rarely outlive their day, and Thurber's are no exception to the iron law of evanescence under which all but the greatest journalists live and work.

Is Thurber strictly a back number? Not quite. His cartoons, several of which are reprinted in *Remember Laughter*, are a pointed and pithy embodiment of the best qualities of his stories and essays. And two of his books, *My Life and Hard Times* (1933) and *The Years with Ross* (1959), are in their very different ways minor classics of reminiscence. Not coincidentally, these are the only books Thurber ever wrote (the five children's fables excepted) that seek to do more than shovel together two or three years' worth of occasional essays. The essayist's art is a noble one—but the great essayists, like the great songwriters, never confuse brevity with triviality or lightness with weightlessness; it was only when Thurber tried to break free of the restrictive mold of the throwaway comic essays referred to at *The New Yorker* as "casuals" that he produced work of any lasting interest.

Thurber, of course, was scarcely the only one of the celebrated *New Yorker* contributors of the thirties and forties whose work aged poorly. Many aspiring adolescent writers (especially those born

Terry Teachout is the editor of A Second Mencken Chrestomathy, *published in January by Alfred A. Knopf.*

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in places other than New York) go through a brief stage of fascination with the likes of E.B. White, Robert Benchley, S.J. Perelman, Dorothy Parker, George S. Kaufman, and even, in extreme cases, Alexander Woollcott. Yet they are period pieces one and all—even White, who continues to command the admiration of ostensibly adult journalists—memorable primarily for the skill with which they bamboozled their contemporaries into thinking they had something to say.

This is not a dig at the old *New Yorker*, whose pages were also graced by H.L. Mencken, Edmund Wilson, A.J. Liebling, and Joseph Mitchell, to name only a few of that magazine's memorable regulars. It is merely a rueful reminder that while great humor is timeless, the output of professional humorists isn't. "I have written as many savage pieces as humorous ones," James Thurber told a British interviewer a few months before his death in 1961. "How many years will it take to convince people I'm not a clown?" Rarely has the inadequacy of good intentions been summed up so poignantly. ❐

EMINENT CHURCHILLIANS

Andrew Roberts

Weidenfeld & Nicolson (London) / 322 pages / £20

reviewed by STUART REID

Even in the 1930s, alas, the royal family was coming to terms with the modern world—or at least allowing the modern world to come to terms with it. During his tour of America in June 1939, George VI stayed with Franklin Roosevelt in upstate New York, and at the end of dinner the president tapped the king-emperor, 43, on the knee and said: "Time for bed, young man." FDR lived to tell the tale, and now Andrew Roberts has included it in his hatchet job on George VI in *Eminent Churchillians.*

Roberts, 32, is one of Britain's angry young historians, a follower, not to say a founder, of the new brutalist school. This is his second major historical work. His first, a life of Lord Halifax, foreign secretary under Neville Chamberlain, was praised by Michael Foot for its "Macaulayesque narrative assurance." *Eminent Churchillians* is no less assured. It is, as its Stracheyan title suggests, a polemic. It is also an entertaining and invigorating book that will appeal strongly to American conservatives.

Stuart Reid is assistant features editor at the London Sunday Telegraph.

There are, of course, differences between Andrew Roberts and Lytton Strachey. For one thing, Roberts is a belligerent conservative, whereas Strachey was a pacifist Liberal. Strachey's eminences were all defenders of Victorian values, while Roberts's are for the most part men who tried to subvert Churchill. Strachey was a revisionist, Roberts is not. There is no hint in *Eminent Churchillians* of the fashionable view that Churchill was a warmonger who lost Britain her empire and helped to sell Europe into Soviet bondage. On the contrary. Roberts loves Churchill, and does not care who knows it. In a series of six essays, he reasserts the postwar consensus—that Neville Chamberlain and the Munich appeasers behaved cravenly and stupidly, and that only Churchill and his cronies had the true measure of the Nazi threat. He tramples on those he believes diminished Britain in the years between, roughly, 1933 and 1955.

Those who feel the power of his boot, in addition to George VI, are Lord Mountbatten, the establishment historian Sir Arthur Bryant, and Walter Monckton (Churchill's postwar minister of labor, who, by yielding to organized labor, helped create the union militancy that plagued Britain in the 1960s and 1970s). There are two essays on general subjects: the Tories who opposed Churchill after he had replaced Chamberlain as prime minister in May 1940, and those who, in Churchill's 1951-55 administration, failed to curb mass immigration—shamefully, in Roberts's view.

Roberts uses his boot with wit and—quite a feat—with elegance. Inevitably, though, the reader ends up splattered in blood. I am all for violence, but I have misgivings about Roberts's approach. That may be because he is a friend, an especially successful and good-looking one. Yet there's more to this than envy (or friendship). In his relentless stomping on the appeasers, Roberts weakens his case by overstating it. This is especially true in his chapter on the royal family.

What we learn here is that King George VI not only backed Chamberlain's policy of appeasement but abused his constitutional position by openly rejoicing over the Munich agreement. Roberts disapproves, but need we? Under Britain's unwritten constitution the Crown is supposed to be politically neutral, but the British constitution is about as easy to follow as the Ontological Argument of St. Anselm, and those of us who failed ontology in school find it hard to become indignant when a reigning monarch lets his political slip show. On the broader question of the king's support for appeasement, the historically correct response is: so what? The *politically* correct response, on the other hand, is to say: how shocking. Yet here, as elsewhere, PC takes no account of reality. Appeasement was seen as a good idea at the time. It was supported by the vast majority of Britons and, albeit capriciously, by Churchill. In the circumstances of the late 1930s it made sense to negotiate with Hitler. Chamberlain's policy was to pursue peace, and prepare for war.

No doubt he should have prepared with greater vigor, as Churchill wanted him to; no doubt he should have been less willing to give Hitler the benefit of the doubt. The fact remains, though, that by September 1939, when the war

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began, Britain was in a better position to fight than she had been in September 1938, when Chamberlain secured "peace for our time . . . peace with honor" at Munich.

Chamberlain's policy toward Germany was driven by fear of massive slaughter, and rightly so. Dread of another war spanned the generations. George VI's father, George V, is quoted by Roberts as having said to Lloyd George in 1935: "I will not have another war. *I will not.* The last one was none of my doing and if there is another one and we are threatened with being brought into it, I will go to Trafalgar Square and wave a red flag myself sooner than allow this country to be brought in." It is hard not to sympathize with the old king. He was haunted by the figures. In July 1916, 60,000 British soldiers fell on the first day of the Battle of the Somme. Today we need counseling when we lose a pet or see a body bag on the evening news.

Roberts's chapter on the royal family is fascinating in its detail. The House of Windsor was not (and is not) without its faults. In the years immediately before the war there was a whiff of anti-Semitism surrounding the throne. In 1940 George VI helped to bring down the War Secretary, Leslie Hore-Belisha, who was Jewish. Roberts does not charge George VI with anti-Semitism, but there can be no doubt that in the military hierarchy there were those who were decidedly not philo-Semites. The same was true of men in the ranks. In October 1939, when British soldiers were in France fighting the Nazis, the following marching song was banned:

Onward Christian Soldiers,
You have naught to fear,
Israel Hore-Belisha
Will lead you from the rear.
Clothed by Monty Burton,
Fed on Lyons pies,
Die for Jewish Freedom
As a Briton always dies!

It is easier to share Roberts's indignation about Arthur Bryant than it is about the royal family and the Chamberlainites. Bryant was knighted in 1954. He was a romantic high Tory, an anti-Marxist celebrator of "Englishry." He believed the Germans had been the victims of a gross injustice at Versailles. He spoke well of Hitler, describing him as "the Great German whom fate has raised up to rescue his people." Most Englishmen who thought along these lines had the wit and the decency to change tack, or keep their thoughts to themselves, when Britain went to war with Germany in September 1939. Not Bryant. In April 1940 he published *Unfinished Victory*, which Roberts describes as the British equivalent of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. It contains many disobliging references to German Jews. To take one at random: "They were arrogant, they were vulgar and they were vicious."

On May 10 Hitler unleashed his Blitzkrieg on the West, and the national mood swung decisively behind Churchill. Later in the month British fascists were rounded up and interned. Bryant saw the error of his ways and bought up all the copies of *Unfinished Victory* he could find, with the result that today it is a collector's item. For the rest of the war Bryant devoted himself to Churchill and, as his contribution to final victory, wrote a series of piously patriotic books.

Nobody today cares much for Bryant, but he remained popular until his death in 1985. Why was *Unfinished Victory* not held against him? Perhaps because those who had read it before it began to disappear from the bookstores remembered such parts of it as were pro-Semitic and anti-Nazi (and not quoted by Roberts); for instance, Bryant's condemnation of Hitler's racial theories as "repulsive gibberish."

The evidence does suggest, however, that Bryant had fascist sympathies, even if he was not a card-carrying member of the party. On the other hand he was probably not one of those fastidious English racists—and there were quite a few of them around in the 1930s, especially among officers' wives—whose chief anxiety about that vulgar little corporal Hitler was that he might give anti-Semitism a bad name.

If there is one thing that can be said with certainty about Lord Mountbatten, last Viceroy of India, it is that he was not a fascist. On the contrary, he was the royal family's leading lefty. He not only presided over Indian independence (and partition) in 1947; he approved of the retreat from empire. In this case, the retreat cost as many as half-a-million Indian lives.

"Dickie" Mountbatten, who became Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia, was extraordinarily vain. He was popular with his men, but was a poor military leader. One of his early "shows," as Chief of Combined Operations, was the abortive Dieppe raid of August 19, 1942, in which 3,369 Canadians, out of a force of 4,963, were killed, wounded, or captured.

Many Americans were knocked out by Mountbatten's regal charm, but not all. General "Vinegar Joe" Sitwell recorded in his diary that Mountbatten's planning conferences were "terrible", "dumb," "sad," and "zero." Many years later, in 1959, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer told Mountbatten (by then Chief of the Defence Staff): "You're so crooked, Dickie, if you swallowed a nail you'd s--- a corkscrew."

Yet nothing seemed to dent Mountbatten's confidence or prick his pomposity. He lacked even a trace of irony. In his *Who's Who* entry he listed himself as "KG, PC, GCB, OM, GSCI, GCIE, GCVO, DSO, FRS, Hon. DCL, Hon. LLD, Hon. DSC, AMIEE, AMBINT." *Aaiiieeeee!* We must be grateful to Roberts for helping us out of those initials: AMIEE stands for Associated Member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. Mountbatten was blown up by the IRA in 1979 while holidaying in Ireland. Roberts thinks it was rather a flashy way to go.

Military men will not agree with Roberts's blanket dismissal of Mountbatten, but military men do not make us laugh—or think—as much as Roberts does. His jokes are the sort you find in the better smoking rooms; seldom in serious, or even in semi-serious, works of history. Of the foul-mouthed Beaverbrook he writes: "He came, he swore, he conquered." Bryant would never have said that, nor would Hugh Trevor-Roper. It is a joke worthy of A.J.P. Taylor.

Smart kid, Roberts. Perhaps in the years to come he will mellow a bit, and look more kindly on the foibles and failures of great dead white males. And perhaps he will invite me to his next party at the Beefsteak Club. ❐

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CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 12)

Christopher M. Byron's article should pretty well kill conservative fund raising.

For balance I think that you need to show that these abuses are not restricted to the "Right." —*Ted Thaxter*
Lone Pine, California

. . . The economic assumptions underlying Christopher M. Byron's article are more expected in the *Nation* than *The American Spectator.* The author finds it shocking that nonprofit organizations whose goals include public education spend a lot of money on public education. How terrible that these organizations hire firms which have expertise in reaching those in the population that share the groups' goals. How inequitable that some make money and some are "cash-starved." And, heaven forbid that anyone freely enter into a contract, the provisions of which are not approved by an "authority" cited by the author. . . .

—*Howard Segermark, President*
The Segermark Company
Washington, D.C.

My thanks to *The American Spectator* for addressing the question of political direct-mail campaigns. I've often thought of writing one of the major conservative magazines such as *TAS* or *National Review* to suggest that they devote an article to exploring this phenomenon that has become somewhat of a quandary to many conservatives.

From my now rather distant college days I have contributed to a growing list of conservative causes that I regarded as having philosophical views amenable to my own and that I hoped were spending their funds responsibly. Among these groups are *TAS*, *NR*, *Human Events*, National Right To Work Committee, The Conservative Caucus, ACU, English First, Washington Legal Foundation, AIM, and National Taxpayers Union.

To the best of my knowledge all of the organizations I have listed are honorable and effective. But of course in listing them I run the risk of looking like a fool if it is revealed tomorrow that the leaders of one (or more!) of these groups have been spending most of their funds on Beluga caviar and Dom Perignon. . . .

—*Joe B. Gambill*
Dallas, Texas

Christopher M. Byron's article was interesting, informative, and rather scary.

It certainly appears that the Seniors Coalition and United Seniors Association, Inc. are basically just money raisers for the people who run them. This being the case, then what organization or organizations can we support to try and offset the socialist political activities of the AARP?

—*Robert S. Kennedy, Jr.*
Camarillo, California

. . . Christopher M. Byron has performed a public service by exposing the interrelationships among groups like Seniors Coalition, United Seniors Association, and 60-Plus. Byron states "no direct-mail effort better illustrates the incestuousness of the industry—and the possibility for abuses that such clubbiness fosters—than the Seniors Coalition and its various spin-offs."

In my opinion, these groups have been allowed to masquerade as legitimate seniors organizations for too long. It is shameless that certain organizations have made it their business to frighten older Americans into sending in money for phantom "advocacy and services." Perhaps this article will help stem that tide.

Thank you for this comprehensive look at the inner workings of the direct-mail industry. We at AARP appreciate your efforts to educate the American public on an issue that directly affects our members. I can only hope other publications will follow suit.

—*Horace B. Deets, Executive Director*
American Association of Retired Persons
Washington, D.C.

Christopher M. Byron makes me think I should read my junk mail more carefully. You can learn about things that even the *American Spectator* doesn't report.

Take the Clinton "Health Security" Act. At least the junk mail writer for the American Council on Health Care Reform (ACHCR) read it. Mr. Byron apparently didn't.

Could you really get "Five Years in Jail if You Buy Extra Care"? Or did the Act simply "make it a crime for anyone to bribe a government health care employee," as Mr. Byron put it?

Section 5434, §226, stated: "Whoever directly or indirectly, corruptly gives, offers, or promises anything of value to a health care official . . . to influence any of the health care official's actions, decisions, or duties relating to a health alliance or health plan . . . shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than 15 years, or both." . . . Patients probably wouldn't be jailed—it would be politically unacceptable, at least at present. However, the Clinton Plan provided the same penalty to anyone who *accepted* a "bribe" (any payment that violated the government price controls). Few doctors would risk incurring such a penalty, especially not in a system filled with paid informers. They would just refuse to deviate from the dictates of the plan administrators.

(If you accuse those who mention the penalties in the Clinton Plan of being scaremongers, you ought to take a careful look at the draconian penalties that already exist—and are being imposed—under Medicare and Medicaid price controls.)

It was the *New Republic,* not *The American Spectator*, that broke the details about what was really in the Clinton Plan. And we haven't seen Christopher Byron, or anybody else from *TAS*, at National Archives II in College Park, Maryland, poring over documents from the Clinton Health-Care Task Force. Those documents are on view, possibly for a limited time only, thanks to the lawsuit captioned *Association of American Physicians and Surgeons, et al.* v. *Hillary Rodham Clinton, et al.* (ACHCR was one of the plaintiffs in the lawsuit.) . . .

—*Jane M. Orient, M.D.,*
Executive Director
Association of American
Physicians and Surgeons
Tucson, Arizona

I am writing to express my astonishment and disgust with Christopher M. Byron's article. The two overriding goals of the liberals are (1) trying to limit conservative access to the media (and controlling the message that slips through) and (2) destroying the source of conservative money. By publishing this article, you played right into their hands. . . .

Nowhere do you mention that it was

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the liberals who forced the conservatives to develop the low dollar mailing lists. In the post-Watergate years, the liberals legislated away the conservative major donor sources of money. And, it was pioneers in the business—like Richard Viguerie and Stephen Winchell—who conservatives can thank for the money pouring into campaigns today. Without direct mail, Jesse Helms, Lauch Faircloth, Phil Gramm, John Tower, and many other bearers of the conservative standard would never have been senators.

. . . Talk about biased journalism! You don't talk about campaigns won or legislation passed or stopped. You only talk about what the direct marketers were paid. The author didn't once ask the members of these organizations what they believe. Take the Seniors Coalition, for instance. Do the members care what the vendors were paid? I doubt it. Do they care that a Seniors Coalition direct mail campaign saved their COLA? Definitely. And I bet if you asked the members, they would probably say it was worth a $10 contribution.

Your article also doesn't state that most of these direct mail entrepreneurs would prefer mailing for political organizations that were not governed by the restrictions that a 501(c)(3) or 501(c)(4) put on an organization. But groups who form to influence Congress can only mail under a charitable status because the IRS has ruled that if they are not a charity they have to pay corporate taxes on all of the money they receive, whether they break even or not.

That fact alone makes it painfully obvious that the author of the article doesn't know squat about how direct mail works. . . .

I am also very concerned that you allowed your magazine to be used by Philip Alexander to wage a personal vendetta against his former employer, Stephen Winchell. He couldn't have written a better personal attack piece.

I, for one, applaud those direct marketing companies that are crazy enough to risk their own money on unknown and untested concepts in the name of conservatism. You owe an apology to Stephen Winchell and all the other direct marketers who have been out in the trenches toiling for the movement. They're the driving force behind the conservative cause . . .

—Bradley S. O'Leary, President
PM Consulting Corporation
Washington, D.C.

As a conservative who has supported the magazine for many years, I am shocked and troubled by Christopher M. Byron's article. I deeply resent the article's portrayal of the more than 400,000 seniors represented by United Seniors Association (USA, Inc.)—seniors who are too often used as pawns in the game of public policy, and who are now presumed to have "nothing more to do with their lives than watch TV and wait for the mail."

"Direct-Mail Deviltry" is long on insinuation supplied by liberals like Senator David Pryor and short on evidence of wrong-doing on the part of those conservative activists mentioned in your pages. The article serves only to offend those older Americans who raise their voices in support of the free market, less government, low taxes, and traditional values.

I am disappointed that Mr. Byron did not contact me before the article was published, so I would like to take this opportunity to set the record straight about USA, Inc.

In the three years since our incorporation, United Seniors Association has served its constituency well and honestly. We have spoken in the interest of senior citizens while other seniors groups have remained silent. We alone have fought for seniors on issues like the "raid" on the Social Security Trust Fund, the "raid" on pension funds, the earnings limitation on Social Security, and the seniors-only tax in the 1993 Clinton Budget. Our lobbyists David Keene, Beau Boulter, and Mike Korbey have met with over 100 members of Congress to discuss these issues as well as the impact a Clinton-style, government-run health care system would have had on senior Americans.

And yes, Mr. Tyrrell, we rely on direct mail.

As you know, conservative grassroots lobbies rely heavily on direct mail because, like talk radio, it is one of the best mechanisms for educating the grassroots on issues. We rely on direct mail to contact our members when Washington politicians are about to sell them down the river. We rely on direct mail to reach out to the millions of senior citizens who think the AARP is on their side in Washington. We rely on direct mail to alert our members to town meetings or chapter events in their area. And we rely on direct mail to generate revenue for projects like USA, Inc. chapter development, radio and television advertisements on the Clinton Social Security tax increase, radio and newspaper advertisements on the health care reform battle, and town meetings in more than twenty cities across the country.

Direct mail works. You may doubt it but Hillary Rodham Clinton does not. . . . We rely on direct mail, Mr. Tyrrell because we don't rely on the government.

You may be unaware that other major seniors groups receive substantial portions of their funding from government grants and contracts. We answer only to the 400,000 concerned, conservative senior Americans who love America and want to keep her strong. . . .

—Sandra L. Butler, President
United Seniors Association, Inc.
Fairfax, Virginia

Christopher M. Byron attempts to distinguish between successful uses of direct mail and shady uses of direct mail among conservative organizations. Unfortunately, I believe Mr. Byron to be the recipient of distorted and misleading information in regard to some of these organizations. The one I am particularly concerned with is the one I head, the Seniors Coalition.

The Seniors Coalition's former relationship with Richard Viguerie and Dan Alexander is offered as an example of the evil that lurks among direct mail shops. Yet Mr. Byron has unwittingly misled readers by focusing on a past failed relationship with one or two individuals, and by not following up with the growth and development of the organization as it is today. When I came on board two years ago, it was with the clear mandate to run the organization based on the highest ethical standards and to put it on a sound financial basis so that members' contributions would be used as effectively as possible. I am proud to say that task has been accomplished.

The Seniors Coalition today is quickly becoming the advocacy alternative to the American Association of Retired Persons. It has a completely new staff under the direction of myself and the one person who effectively

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sought the ouster of Mr. Alexander and Mr. Viguerie. Mr. Byron reports that the Postal Service is conducting an investigation of our practices. Actually, the Postal Service is conducting an investigation to determine if we have been a victim, not an instigator, of unsavory practices. . . .

In closing, the Seniors Coalition has been, and continues to be, an effective lobbying force for senior citizens looking for a common-sense approach to government. We have a dedicated, honest staff that refuses to allow a buried past to detract us from our mission.

—Paul E. Bramell, CEO
The Seniors Coalition
Washington, D.C.

Thank you for exposing some of the con games enjoyed by the money raising mills used by some so-called "conservative" groups. . . .

Keep up this type of objective reporting to ensure that the conservative cause avoids prostituting itself.

—Dan Calabria
South Pasadena, Florida

Christopher M. Byron replies:
There's a lot of rhetorical squealing from the direct-mail fundraising crowd in this obviously orchestrated letter-writing campaign, but the letters themselves turn out to be woefully short of evidence that anything in my story is factually wrong.

Consider the letters by and in behalf of Mr. Winchell, who may be just as fine a fellow as Ms. Cass says he is. Mr. Winchell's unsupported assertion, that my article's criticism of his operation is based on the ravings of a disgruntled ex-employee, is just plain wrong. The individual in question, Philip Alexander, has a rather different view of his past association with Mr. Winchell than Mr. Winchell seems to have. Mr. Alexander claims he wasn't "fired" by Mr. Winchell at all. Rather, he says, his partnership interest in SW&A was bought out by Mr. Winchell after Mr. Alexander and another partner in the firm objected to Mr. Winchell's decision to take on the Seniors Coalition as a client.

Mr. Winchell is right in saying that my article was possibly misleading in asserting that his firm "absorbed" 80 percent of the money raised by the Seniors Coalition. A more precise statement of what actually happened—fully described in the surrounding context of the word in question—would have been that 80 percent of the coalition's fundraising wound up being spent by Mr. Winchell's firm, one way or another, on yet more fundraising. But none of this was done out of the goodness of his heart, or even his political beliefs alone. As his letter states, in return for acting as the coalition's direct mail agency, SW&A was compensated with just more than $500,000 in 1993.

The other letters are much the same. Ms. Warner (a Winchell employee) calls it "sleazy" to report that the National Republican Congressional Committee dumped her firm in 1994, saying the termination amounted to nothing more than "a client [changing] agencies." In fact, the article quoted a committee spokesman as saying the firm was dropped because "it was not performing satisfactorily."

Mr. Shaker distorts my article in saying that, in effect, it accuses him of claiming on his letterhead that the direct mail outfit he and his wife founded—the American Council for Health Care Reform—was established in 1983, when in fact it didn't exist prior to 1993. What I said in the story is that the first time the group came to public attention was during the 1993 health care debate; whatever else it was engaged in prior to that time, it certainly wasn't making news. As to Mr. Shaker's assertion that the article wrongly says his company is "making money" from the ACHCR, here's what the article actually says: It reports that in an interview with me, Mr. Shaker emphatically insisted that his company, Washington Marketing, had never done any work whatsoever for the ACHCR. The article then went on to quote an account executive at the Ohio printing plant that handles ACHCR's business as stating that Washington Marketing functions as the actual *brokerage firm* for ACHCR's printing jobs.

FDR's Paralysis

In his review of Doris Kearns Goodwin's new biography of the New Deal Roosevelts (*TAS*, December 1994), Joseph Shattan repeats an error that has recently been gaining currency when he writes, "Most Americans hadn't the vaguest idea that the man they had elected president for four consecutive terms was a paraplegic."

That is simply not true.

I don't know where this story started, but it involves two misstatements: (1) that Roosevelt was a paraplegic (he was not; he had no spinal injury) and (2) that the public did not know he was crippled by polio.

That was no secret. The whole country—indeed the whole world—knew that he couldn't walk, knew he was in a wheelchair. I knew it as a child in Iowa. It was commonly said of his peripatetic wife that she served as his legs. His courage in overcoming his handicap was one of the reasons he was admired.

The March of Dimes, the campaign against polio, was openly inspired by Roosevelt's personal tragedy. Fundraising was tied to his birthday each year: that week, all movie theaters nationwide showed a March of Dimes film with a message from the President, and we all put our dimes in the collection cans the ushers passed around. Those dimes paid for the research that led to the Salk and Sabin vaccines, and that's why FDR's face was put on a dime.

True, Roosevelt wanted people to ignore his physical handicap and concentrate on his unimpaired political capacities. True, the press did not describe his physical limitations or his heavy braces, and photos and newsreels never showed his painful movements—but they didn't lie about the fact of it. Since everyone knew, that reticence was considered merely a respectful courtesy to the President of the United States—a notion that now seems as quaint as discretion. Anti-FDR diehards sometimes referred to him as "that cripple in the White House," but even rock-ribbed Republicans usually considered that below the belt. His courage in overcoming his handicap was in fact one of the reasons he was admired.

Roosevelt made no effort to conceal his physical disability from the crowds that greeted him when he traveled. He stopped once in Cedar Rapids and, perched on my father's shoulders, I saw him drag himself onto the back platform of his train, leaning on the men beside him. No concealment there. When secu-

(continued on page 79)

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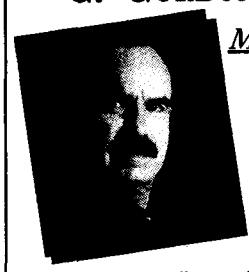

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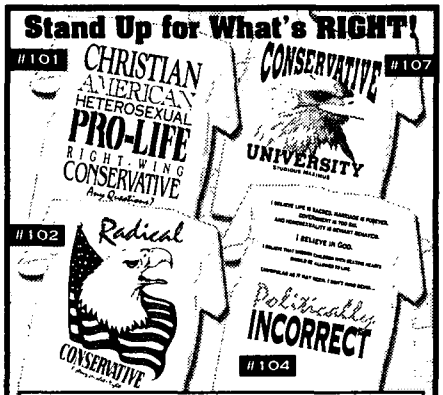

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 75)

rity men moved through the crowd, politely opening home movie cameras to expose the film, nobody protested; everyone understood. But everyone saw. Everyone knew. No way was his handicap secret. . . .

—Rosanne Klass
New York, New York

Ms.take

It is depressing enough that good science is routinely attacked by the cultural left. It is doubly sad, then, to see the rigorous and illuminating work of the distinguished psychologist, Professor Martha McClintock of the University of Chicago, ridiculed by *The American Spectator* not for its actual substance, but for the tendentious use made of it by *Ms.* magazine. You term one of our most scientific biological psychologists "the pioneering Doktor Professor McClintock." (Current Wisdom, *TAS*, October, 1994). In fact, her work is indeed pioneering, and *Ms.* simply does not understand its nature or its significance. Your admiring readers, among whom I count myself, deserve a "Current Wisdom" that hits the correct target!

—Alan Charles Kors
Professor of History
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Crackheads

Concerning Edward Conlon's "Gerry Adams Spectator" ("Belfast Americans," *TAS*, December 1994), I for one was appalled, embarrassed, and ashamed that these persons are representing my country in the United States of America. Where were responsible Americans hiding when Gerry Adams and his band of thugs were allowed into the United States?

But politics aside, I must protest the representing of the Ulster word "crack" as a Gaelic word spelt craic. There is no Gaelic work craic, according to Malcolm MacLennan's *Gaelic Dictionary* (1979). Catharina Day, in her Cadagon Guides' *Ireland* (1988) defines crack as fun or lively chat, and identifies the word as an Ulster expression. . . . One more small point: I have heard Gerry Adams speak and his accent is pure Ulster, not Liverpool or Dublin. Ulster people sound more like lowland Scots than persons from Liverpool or Dublin.

—Janet Watt Boldt
Wayne, Michigan

The Lost Arcadia

December's Continuing Crisis incorrectly identified Myra Obasi's home as Arcadia, California. This schoolteacher, whose sisters exorcised the evil spirits by gouging out her eyes, is from Arcadia, Louisiana.

Miss Obasi returned to her classroom but found she can no longer teach without her pupils.

—Lacey P. Wallace
Shreveport, Louisiana

For the Love of Mary

We are big fans of Mary Matalin, and after your review in the December 1994 issue by John Podhoretz, we have decided to not renew our subscription.

—Rita B. Simmons
Port St. Lucie, Florida

Not Getting It

In almost every issue of the *American Spectator*, I find a letter from one of your subscribers who is offended by your articles. I wonder why they are not offended by the people you write about, rather than the magazine?

In my house, I refer to our presidents (Billary) as "condom-loving Communists." When I say this outside my house, they tell me I lose credibility by using the word "Communist." I guess I just don't get it. Then again, maybe my brain needs to be scrubbed a little harder.

—Brenda Stanway
Mililani, Hawaii

The Real Rosalynn Carter

On reading David Brock's excellent "Jimmy Carter's Return" (*TAS*, December 1994), I was reminded of a televised interview with the Carters I once saw.

The interview took place during the Reagan presidency. Asked by the interviewer if they thought Ronald Reagan was a racist, Rosalynn Carter replied in her usual condescending, saccharine manner, "I think he makes us comfortable with our prejudices." In other words, yes.

Habitat for Humanity notwithstanding, they are nasty people.

—Melinda Bowman
Brier Hill, Pennsylvania

P.S. Please double Ben Stein's salary.

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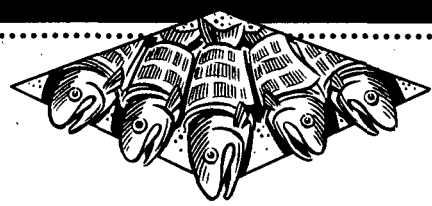

Crossfire

In another edition of the Gong Show, Pat Buchanan, therapist, begins bringing Evan Thomas of *Newsweek* to terms with a mental disorder that, alas, has come to afflict so many post-Watergate Washington journalists:

PAT BUCHANAN: Evan Thomas, let me ask you about the Whitewater thing. You've got Webb Hubbell, it's sort of a shocker today, he's going to plead guilty. You've got D'Amato calling the special prosecutor to investigate Ickes and Stephanopoulos for alleged acts of perjury, you've got allegations that the special prosecutor is looking into Lindsey and Betsey Wright, both houses are going to go into Whitewater hearings. How serious is this?

EVAN THOMAS: Well, I'm sick of Whitewater. I wish it would go away. . .

[December 2, 1994]

Syracuse Post-Standard

The rise of a new superpower does not escape the eye of Harvey Pinyoun, writing on the op-ed page of the illustrious SPS and betraying all the learning and ratiocination of a member of the Clinton National Security Council:

The American people generally ignore Haiti because it is thought to have no resources of interest for us, except faceless labor. But when events force us to pay attention, Haiti frightens the American people, particularly the American government!

Haiti has a powerful spirit. It is a very holistic, integrated culture, with land, body and language touching each other.

Furthermore, the culture has been oppressed militarily and economically, which has empowered the grass-roots Haitian spirit even more.

With its history closely wrapped in experiences with the land, the animal world and the past, Haiti's particular and unique identity becomes inclusive and multi-dimensional.

[October 24, 1994]

CCC

(College Composition and Communication, a.k.a. The Journal of the Conference on College Composition and Communication, National Council of Teachers of English)

The interesting observations of Cynthia L. Selfe and her lovely husband, Richard, deposited in one of America's great learning holes and written for those who dwell in the nation's cemeteries or coma treatment centers or English faculties—wherever minds move slowly, if at all:

Built into computer interfaces are also a series of semiotic messages that support this alignment along the axes of class, race, and gender. The white pointer hand, for example, ubiquitous in the Macintosh primary interface, is one such gesture, as are the menu items of the Appleshare server tray and hand, calculator, the moving van (for the font DA mover), the suitcase, and the desk calendar. Other images—those included in the HyperCard interface commercial clip art collections, and in the Apple systems documentation—include a preponderance of white people and icons of middle- and upper-class white culture and professional, office-oriented computer use. These images signal—to users of color, to users who come from a non-English language background, to users from low socio-economic backgrounds—that entering the virtual worlds of interfaces also means, at least in part and at some level, entering a world constituted around the lives and values of white, male, middle- and upper-class professionals. Users of color, users from non-English language background, users from a low socio-economic class who view this map of reality, submit—if only partially and momentarily—to an interested version of reality represented in terms of both language and image.

[December 1994]

Rocky Mountain News

Evidence that *National Review* and *The American Spectator* still have room for improvement:

Watch out, Rush Limbaugh. The Newsstand Cafe has had it up to here with you and it's not going to take it anymore.

The trendy coffee house at Washington and East Sixth Avenue has posted this bulletin: "This just in. We will no longer serve Snapple products, as Rush Limbaugh is a company spokesman."

Explains Newsstand owner Trudi Ross: "Customers started to alert me that Snapple was very pro life. We can't verify that, but we can verify that Rush is a major sponsor."

But Trudi, Trudi, Trudi—isn't the newsstand, with 1,400 publications, the last bastion of the free exchange of ideas? You carry both liberal and conservative magazines, don't you?

"We carry the *National Review* and *The American Spectator*, about the most extreme right you get," Ross says. . . .

But aren't you being too rough on Rush?

"I feel it's scary to help Rush make a living and stay on the air," Ross says. "I think he had the potential of becoming a '90s Hitler. He offends my customer base and he offends me. He hates women. He hates queers. I'm sure he hates Jews, but I don't know if he's come out with that yet. We're not trying to make a judgment. He's just too offensive."

[October 19, 1994]

University Alumni Report

(Alumni Association of the University of North Carolina)

Evidence that—ho, ho, ho—whilst at Averett College the winsome Mr. Thomas Everitt Wilson was not unanimously as winning as he might have thought:

I cannot tell you the sadness I felt when I learned from your August issue that I had died. On 23 February 1994, the date of my

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reported demise, I was in Egypt as part of my sabbatical. I do not remember feeling poorly; in fact, I do not remember how good it felt to be alive. Since my return from the sabbatical, my appearances can be deceiving. I will miss me, as there is no one that I know and love better.

To update you, I am no longer in social work. I left Averett College in that black year that Ronald Reagan was elected. It was a bad decade for social workers. I went to Seminary at the University of the South, graduating in 1984, and was ordained to the Episcopal Church in Lynchburg, Va. I did return to Chapel Hill in the summer of 1982 to work at the Clinical Pastoral Education program at the University Hospital. Chapel Hill continues to change a great deal. I would like to return to the Hill again in this life, if the *Alumni Report* will not continue to exaggerate the reports of my death.

I enclose a check for the dues for the *Report* in the hopes that I will receive more news.

In good health, considering,
Thomas Everitt Wilson '68

[October 1994]

San Francisco Examiner

In reviewing the *oeuvre* of the late Christopher Lasch, columnist and problem child Gary Kamiya takes up an old theme made popular years ago by the late Nikita Khrushchev:

Lasch's attacks on Hollywood stars and Beltway blowhards are similarly ham-handed: What do these weird subgroups have to do with anything except themselves?

Similar myopia mars his cultural analysis. For one thing, the elite isn't PC anymore, if it ever was. Who bought all those copies of *The Closing of the American Mind* and *Culture of Complaint*? It wasn't Joe Sixpack.

As for the lower middle classes, Lasch's claim that they are upholding civilization must have *Revolt of the Masses* author Ortega y Gasset, and Friedrich Nietzsche, whose scorn for the flealike "last man" inspired the Spaniard's 1930 book, rolling in the Elysian aisles. The three strikes initiative? Anti-immigrant bashing? Ross Perot? The glorious Reagan-Bush years? (Now there's community spirit.) This year's mindless anti-government mania? Hello? Anybody home?

It's all well and good to trash American society, but you gotta get all of it. It's the whole damn thing that is revolting, not just the "elites." Lasch once seemed to realize that . . .

[October 27, 1994]

Marin Independent Journal

Mary L. Kelley writing in the correspondence section of a great daily with sufficient malice and dementia to suggest that she is a stalwart of the Christian left or perhaps even an atheist:

Hallelujah! A new day has dawned in America, and the Republicans are in control again! Initial reports indicate that the Christian evangelicals turned out almost 40 percent of the Republican vote.

We can finally put to rest that silly health plan—and now if we can just get rid of "Socialist Security" and all the poor people, it will truly be a bright day in America.

So, as I send my husband off to cut down the last remaining redwoods, I can plan a busy day ahead for myself with joy in my heart. I think I'll load my AK-47 in my pink Cadillac and give them a little wakeup call over at Planned Parenthood.

Then I can head over to the school to make sure there are no suspicious-looking illegal kindergarteners. And from there, I'll head over to Urgent Care to make sure that some grape picker getting off a 16-hour shift for menial wages didn't have the nerve to get sick and need medical treatment.

Those illegals surely do not earn their keep. After they clean our houses, mow our lawns and raise our kids, maybe we could train them to eat our garbage and we could solve the refuse problem all at the same time. Praise the Lord!

As for my gay neighbor, I'll set some prayer time aside that he gets AIDS, which he deserves. So much to do . . .

But it's all worth it, for on Sunday I can rest and attend church and receive God's blessing for doing His work and living in His image all week.

[November 16, 1994]

World AIDS Day
(ECOSOC NGO)

The transcript of the historic exchange that blew up the most amusing surgeon general of all time:

DR. ROB CLARK (Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues): It seems to me the campaign against AIDS has already destroyed many taboos about discussion of sex in public. It seems to me that there still remains a taboo against the discussion of masturbation. And please forgive me for trying to do my tiny bit by announcing that I masturbate and I do want to ask you what do you think are the prospects [for] a more explicit discussion and promotion of masturbation.

SURGEON GENERAL: I think you already know that I'm a very strong advocate of a comprehensive health education program, if you will, starting at a very early age. I feel that it should be age appropriate, it should be complete, and we need to teach our children the things that they need to know. And we know that many of our parents have difficulty teaching certain things and for that reason to make sure all of our children are informed I've always felt that we should make it a part of our school. I feel it's the only institution we have where all of the children go. And at present in our schools it's very incomplete and only 5 percent of schools have a comprehensive program. As per your specific question in regard to masturbation, I think that is something that is a part of human sexuality and it's a part of something that perhaps should be taught. But we've not even taught our children the very basics. And I feel that we have tried ignorance for a long time and it's time we try education.

[December 1, 1994]

A JOURNAL BRIEFING
WHITEWATER

Confused by Whitewater? For the first time in one place, *Whitewater* collects the energetic, trenchant commentary from the editorial pages of The Wall Street Journal that focused national attention on this slowly unfolding scandal that clouds the Clinton presidency.

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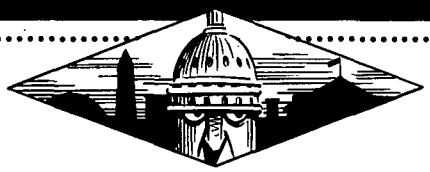

Wish List

by David Frum

Republicans are happily interpreting the 1994 election as a mandate for smaller government. Splendid. Unfortunately, if past performance is any indicator, the new Republican majority will pronounce stirring speeches about the evils of Big Government—but shrink from enacting real cuts.

Suppose, though, that the Republicans *were* serious about shrinking the government and lowering taxes. What kinds of things would they be doing? With the Democrats ensconced in the White House, Republican power is of course limited. Still, the Republicans should be able to go far toward smaller government over the next two years.

Here's a checklist:

1. ***Never more than in '94.*** Republicans want to shrink government. At the very least, they should stop it from growing any fatter. Washington spent $1.461 trillion in the 1994 fiscal year—roughly the size of the entire economy of united Germany. That's a big enough allowance for anyone. Republicans ought to pledge that—while they intend to do much, much more—in no case will Washington spend more than that $1.461 trillion per year for however long the Republicans retain their congressional majority.

2. ***Who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.*** Yes, the balanced-budget amendment is sort of a dumb idea, because it can so easily be evaded by cunning congressional accounting. Never mind. Do it anyway.

3. ***Easy on the House cleaning.*** The worrisome truth about the Contract With America is that it was written by canny pollsters with an eye to attracting straying Perot voters back to the Republicans. That's why so many of its promises—six of the first eight items of business—address problems in the way Congress does its business. Fine, most of them are good ideas. But the point of congressional reform is to improve the handling of the people's business. It's not an end in itself.

4. ***Cut middle-class pork.*** Think of them as fiscal cellulite, hard little globules of fiscal fat inside the federal body: student loans, rural electrification grants, the Small Business Administration, transportation demonstration projects, women's health programs, minority business development. And on and on. David Stockman used to say that the test of Republican integrity was the courage to attack weak claims rather than weak claimants. These are some of the weakest claims in the entire budget.

5. ***Cut corporate pork, too.*** What on earth is Congress doing shoveling money out the door to Archer Daniels Midland? Why is President Clinton handing over nearly $150 million a year to General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler to build an electric car? It's time to close down: grants to agribusiness, subsidies to industry and utilities in the name of energy conservation, the Department of Commerce's grants for economic development, federal underwriting of corporate advertising overseas, contributions to public-sector pseudo-banks like the World Bank, and hi-tech pork barrel like the president's Advanced Technology Program—a program that allows the Department of Commerce to play "let's pretend we're venture capitalists."

6. ***Don't forget health care.*** James Carville's 1992 motto needs to be adopted by the GOP. Republicans may be sick to death of the subject, but the brute fact remains: Medicaid is the fastest-growing program in the federal budget, metastasizing from just over $20 billion a decade ago to nearly $100 billion in 1994. Medicare follows close behind, up from $60 billion in 1985 to nearly $180 billion today. Like it or not, there is no controlling the federal budget without ending the growth in federal health-care spending. With their Medical IRAs, the Republicans have the beginnings of an answer—but only the beginning. There's no avoiding the task of producing a real and detailed policy.

7. ***Don't chicken out of the middle-class tax cut.*** The Contract With America promises three distinct tax cuts: a cut in the capital-gains tax, easier corporate depreciation, and a boost in the per-child exemption. The latter is by far the most expensive. If the Republicans fail to cut spending, they will be tempted to skimp on it, or even abandon it altogether, and do capital gains alone. The reasons for succumbing to this temptation are understandable enough: Taken together, the 1986 tax reform's attack on deductions and exemptions combined with the 1990 and '93 increases in the top marginal rate have imposed excessive burdens on society's most productive citizens. However, the conservative position on taxes has to be: taxes are too high for everyone. It must never be: let the yokels pay.

8. ***Rhetoric vs. reform.*** For years, Republicans have been pummeling Democrats on values issues. In 1994, the pummeling finally took its toll. Crime, illegitimacy, illegal immigration, chronic idleness among the very poor, family breakdown, reverse discrimination: it's a grim roster. Now that the Republicans hold the Congress, two potentially embarrassing questions arise: Do the Republicans in fact have a values agenda that goes beyond rhetoric? And, if they do, is it truly different in more than its technical details from the Democrats'?

The best conservative ideas would transform welfare into straightforward grants to states, letting the states experiment any way they wanted to. They would enact a new civil rights law requiring color-blindness by the federal government and corporations engaged in interstate commerce. They would change jurisdictional rules to free states from endless appeals to the federal courts in death penalty cases. They would change the tax law so that married couples pay no more tax than unmarried couples do.

Above all: wise conservatives should recognize the growth of government as a values issue too. By taking more money from families, and doing more things for them, Big Government weakens and undercuts them. In other words, the most fundamental values issue of them all comes down to this one nervous question: Will a Republican Congress enact the spending cuts that two Republican presidents failed to achieve? ❐

David Frum is the author of Dead Right *(New Republic/Basic Books).*

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ACCORDING TO THE WORLD BANK, SEVERAL HUNDRED MILLION WOMEN AND CHILDREN SPEND THEIR DAYS IN DWELLINGS WHERE WOOD AND COW DUNG ARE BURNED FOR ENERGY. The fumes are indoor air pollutants. Breathing them is like smoking three packs of cigarettes per day. The World Health Organization reports 4 million Third World children die each year from acute respiratory disease, no doubt exacerbated by such fumes.

In the United States the air we breathe is healthier because we use electricity as a primary energy source. The way we deliver electricity is a technological triumph and the envy of the world. Our well-being is the direct result of widespread availability of electricity made cheaply because of wide use of coal.

Given our accomplishments, it would be logical for our national leaders to promote the United States as a model for achieving human well-being and development abroad. But because the radical environmental agenda is set on controlling US energy policy, the reverse is true. In international circles, narrowly focused environmentalists and our own Department of State encourage lesser-developed nations to single-mindedly pursue conservation and distributed renewable generation technologies. At present, these technologies are inefficient and expensive.

REPEAL RIO

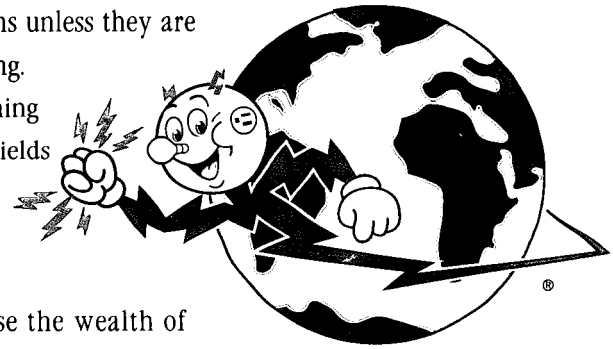
Electrify the World

Policymakers resist urging Third World electrification using our advanced technologies for large-scale, efficient, and economical central station electric generating units that are fossil-fueled.

The justification for this kind of thinking is the Rio Treaty with its focus on limiting carbon dioxide emissions—and as signed in 1992 by former President George Bush with the advice and consent of the US Senate. Should the Rio Treaty be turned into the world's energy law? The answer is "no."

Rio is premised on a one hundred year old theory that catastrophic global warming will result from burning fossil fuels because they emit CO_2, a greenhouse gas. This controversial theory has no support in observations. In the intervening century, climate observations suggest the theory should be discarded, not used as a pretext to curtail industrial activity.

Predictions of future climate conditions generated by general circulation computer models are what the environmental community relies on in defense of *Rio.* But these models are intentionally manipulated so that they predict apocalypse. Existing models cannot replicate actual climate conditions unless they are manipulated. As a result, they fail the first test of computer modelling.



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Earth's climate *is* changing—gradually. Winter nights are warming and summer days appear to be cooling, promoting greater crop yields and more robust forests. CO_2 fertilization of the atmosphere helps produce more food for people and wildlife. Wildlife can flourish in more abundant habitat.

Women and children in the Third World are not at risk because the wealth of industrialized nations results in CO_2 emissions. Their lives are at risk because their present way of life pollutes their environment. Electrification provides a cure for pollution. But the Third World can never realize the benefits of electrotechnologies so long as energy policy is shaped by limited environmental understanding.

Extending electric service to villages can have a powerful impact. It would free Third World populations from drudgery, greatly improving their living standards and, therefore, their quality of life. In this way, repealing *Rio* would be positive for humanity. **Let's electrify the world with our technology and know-how.**

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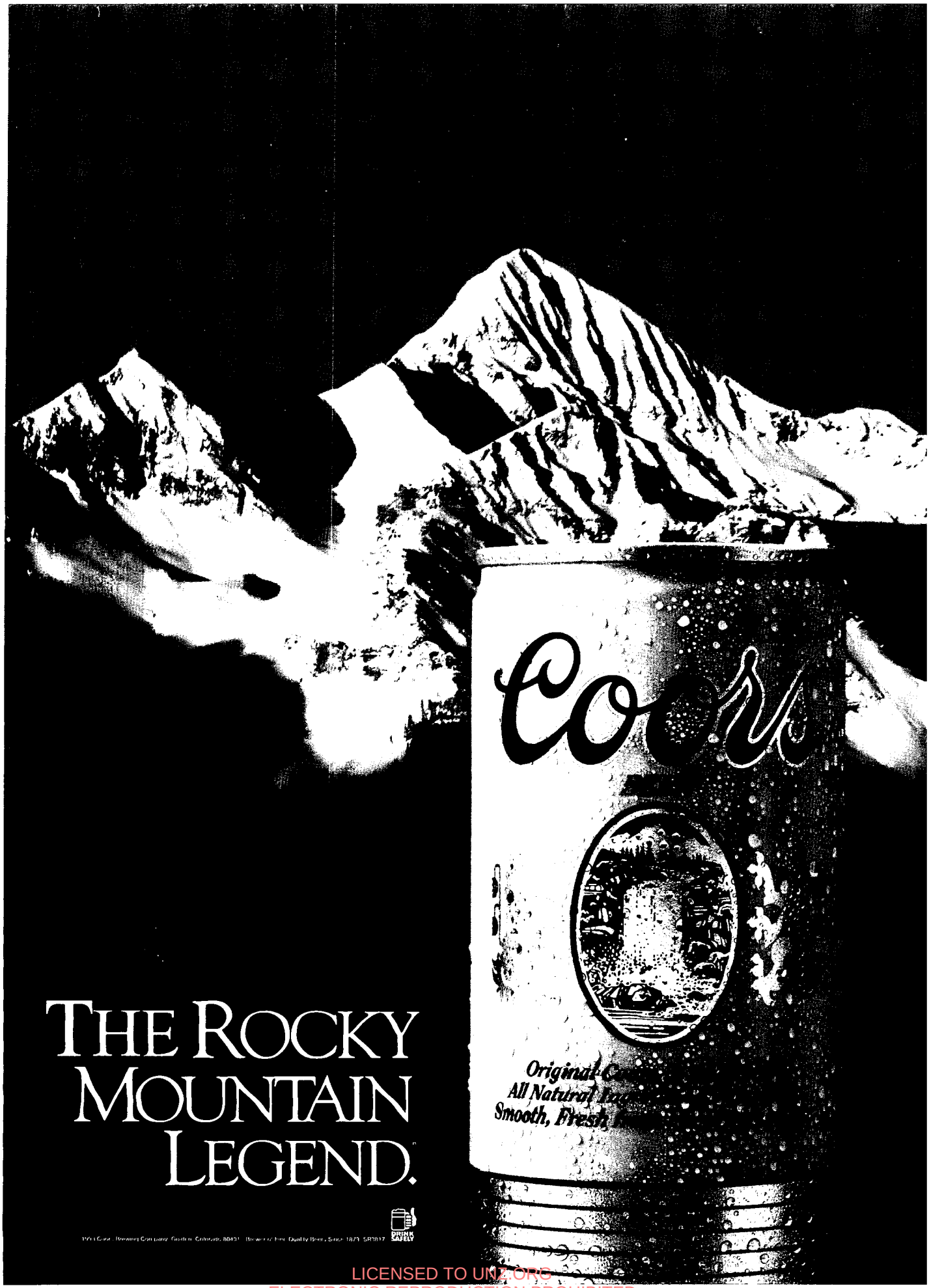

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